EVANSTON'S YESTERDAYS

by CLYDE D. FOSTER

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Stories of Early Evanston and sketches of some of its Pioneers.

by CLYDE D. FOSTER

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

1956

Dedicated to the Presidents and Officers of the Historical Society who have worked so untiringly to preserve the traditions of our city.

This is Book No. 37
of a Limited Edition of 1500 copies.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Foreword

VERY soon after my graduation from college I became interested in the early history of Chicago and Evanston. For the material herewith presented I have leaned very heavily upon the files of the Historical Society. Evanston owes a very great debt to Mr. J. Seymour Currey, who spent much of his retirement years in the Society's rooms in the Library Building. His History of Illinois and Evanston in two volumes may be found on the shelves of the Library and the Historical Society. His story of old Fort Dearborn is an interesting one.

Doctor Dwight Clark one time President of the Society spent many hours collecting relics and making contributions to the files. His contributions to the press on some of the phases of our early history are well worth reading. The Doctor served as President of the State Association.

I have written stories of some of our pioneers. Perhaps I ought to characterize them as "thumbnail" sketches. No attempt has been made to write biographies. This has been done very ably by others. Some of the stories have appeared in the "Line of Type or Two" column of the Chicago Tribune. If I have succeeded in presenting some of the romantic as well as the dramatic, I shall be richly repaid.

CLYDE D. FOSTER

Evanston, Illinois
December 1, 1956

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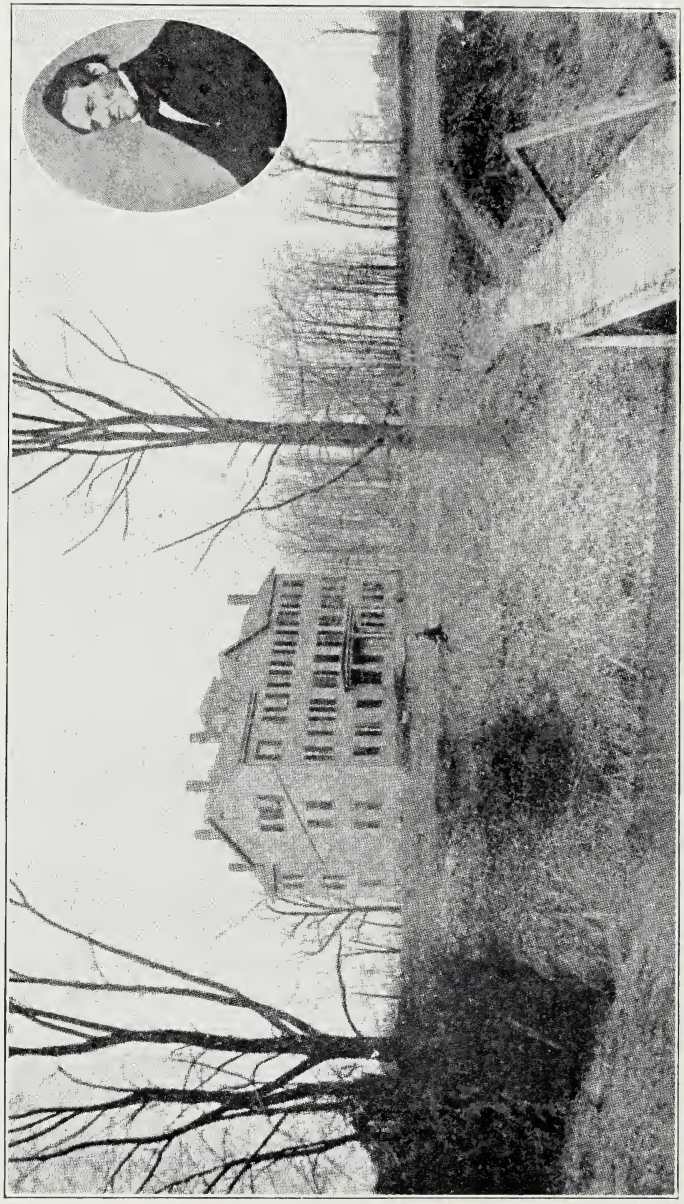
Wisconsin Ice Flow

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND or possibly 50,000 years ago Evanston and the North Shore was covered by what is sometimes referred to as the Wisconsin Ice Flow. The vast ice sheet came and went three or four times. The movement of this huge juggernaut left its marks and scars. Possibly the Great Lakes were gouged out of an otherwise level surface. These are evident even to a casual observer. Gravel and sand pits bear mute testimony. One of these pits may be observed in Evanston on Ridge Road. It was known and is still referred to as the Doetsch Gravel Pit. The City of Evanston recently acquired the property comprising some 17 acres and five years hence it will be a breathing spot for a thickly settled neighborhood. Another of the old sand spits may be observed on all the early maps of Chicago. The Chicago River did not originally empty into the Lake at right angles to the shore. Instead a long sand spit extended from Randolph Street to Madison Street. At low water mark early Chicagoans could wade across the sand spit. Excavations for public improvements have upturned huge boulders which may have come from as far north as the Canadian border. Lake Chicago, the predecessor to Lake Michigan was probably 40 or 50 feet higher than the present lake level. Obviously the flow of water was to the southwest, following the general course of the Chicago-Des Plaines, Illinois-Michigan Canal Waterway. As the ice sheet melted the shoreline receded, leaving the tell-tale marks already referred to. The Chicago River did not flow backward. Early settlers describe it as a sluggish

stream eventually emptying into Lake Michigan. Lake Chicago may have extended as far west as Milwaukee Avenue and as far south as Dyer, Indiana, following what may roughly now be Route 30. There would appear to be no doubt about U.S. Route No. 6 being an old shoreline. Blue Island and Stony Island are not just names—they were in company with others, islands in Lake Chicago. The old shoreline is very apparent in Winnetka. It begins with the top of the hill where Christ Church (Episcopal) stands and runs in a southwesterly direction through Summit and Palos Park. Automobilists may observe houses at the top of the old bank in Winnetka. The various shorelines in Evanston may be marked by Ridge Road, and Ridge Ave. and the most recent being Chicago Avenue, which connects with that winding street in Chicago known as Clark Street. The French missionaries and traders dreamed of a waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf. This at one time was a reality. Today it may be secured by moving up or down the Chicago River to the Sanitary Canal and from there via the Illinois River to the Mississippi. I am told that tourists from Europe visiting Chicago wish to see the River that flows backward. This is obtained, of course, by pumping water over a dam. The same flow is secured in the North Shore Channel of the Sanitary District by pumping water over a dam in Wilmette Harbor. A water shed is evident some 12 miles from the Lake, rising no more than 10 to 12 feet. Rainfall to the west goes to the Mississippi and to the east to Lake Michigan, if not interfered with by man. This water shed in the 18th and 19th centuries was referred to by the name of Mud Lake. Father Marquette and his company pushed their canoes through the weeds of Mud Lake until they struck a tributary of the Des Plaines. Our forefathers had to struggle with the

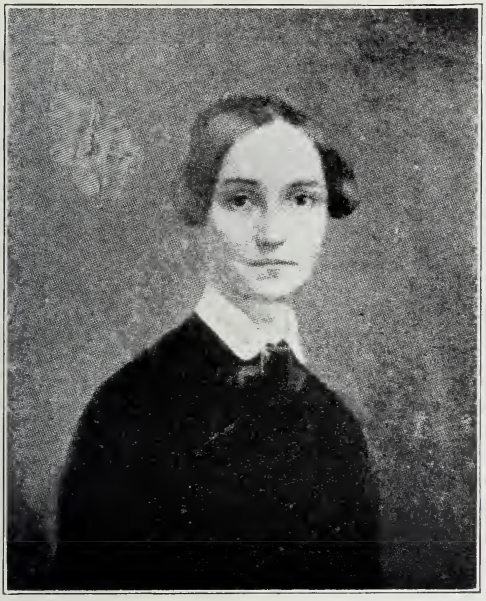
swamps east of Ridge Road. This accounts for the fact that the first houses were built on Ridge Avenue. Helen Judson, daughter of Philo Judson, who became Mrs. John L. Beveridge, writes as follows: "when I returned the call of Mrs. John A. Pearsons, 1718 Chicago Avenue, I came in a farm wagon, both my feet across a board to keep them out of the water, so deep was it across the flat of land on which the depots are now built."

Green Bay Road is one of the old roads to Green Bay, Wisconsin. Authorities differ as to the location of Green Bay Road. An explanation can be made that at high water time it was on Ridge Avenue. At low water time it is quite probable that travelers to the North came via Clark Street and Chicago Avenue. By ordinance it follows parallel to the Chicago and North Western.



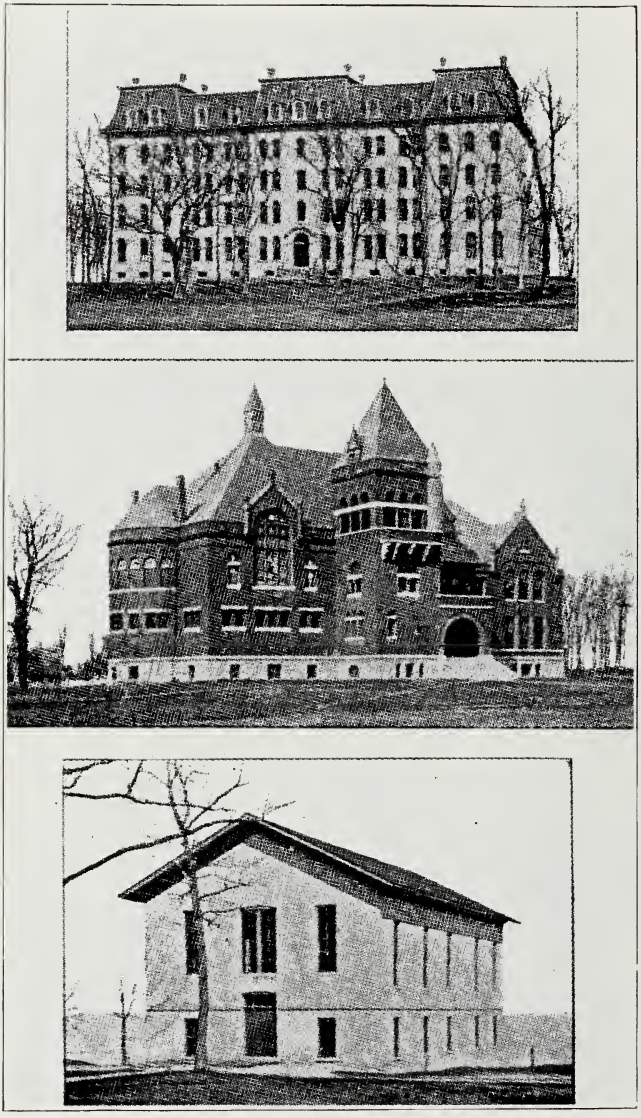
Dempster Hall
First Building of Garrett
(Inset) Dr. John Dempster

Eliza Garrett



Eliza Garrett

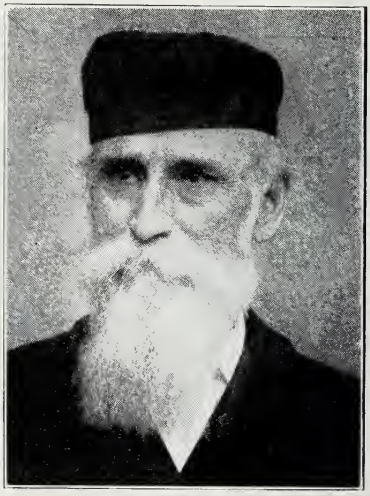
ELIZA GARRETT in all probability never visited Evanston, but her name is connected with an Evanston Institution. Tribute is paid to her almost daily and if we should return within a hundred years I anticipate that the Institute will still be called Garrett Biblical Institute. Eliza's husband, Augustus Garrett, was the second mayor of Chicago. Both attended the Clark Street Church. Clark Street Church, to early Chicagoans, meant the First Methodist Church of Chicago. The First Methodist Church is the only Protestant Church to retain its original site. Other churches retreated to residential sections or to the suburbs. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Garrett came under the influence of the Methodist pastor Peter Ruble Borein, in fact they may have been "converted" under his pastorate. If we may digress a moment I should like to record what Grant Goodrich had to say of the Rev. Peter Borein. "He was one of



Top — Heck Hall
Middle — G. I. B. Building
Bottom — "Old Gym"

the handsomest men I ever saw. Great intellectual power was blended with a singular beauty of feature and expression. His eyes were blue, large and lustrous, and when he was animated they seemed the medium through which his soul was not only beaming, but actually blazing forth. His voice was like the music of running waters—when he sought to persuade, there was a deep earnestness in its tone which was well nigh resistless; and when he uttered the language of warning or denunciation it seemed by an indescribable power, to pierce to the inmost soul. Men of more intellectual polish and of profounder thought I have often heard, but never so effectively eloquent—one who possessed such perfect control of will and heart as Mr. Borein." Rev. Borein established a record which has never been broken and never will be broken. Chicago had a population of 3000 at that time and Andreas is the authority for the statement that he converted 300 or 10 per cent of the population. Augustus Garrett died soon after his administration as mayor. He left to his wife Eliza a large estate, a large part of which was in real estate. The most valuable piece was at Market Street and Lake Street, the site of the wigwam from which the rail splitter of Illinois was nominated in the summer of 1860. The wigwam is said to have cost $65,000. Mrs. Garrett is reported to have paid $950 for it. Soon after Mr. Garrett's death, Eliza began thinking in terms of endowing some institution with her estate. About this time Rev. John Dempster had started a theological school in Evanston. Grant Goodrich who was her legal adviser and counsel suggested the Institute in Evanston. Not long after this conveyance had been made, Eliza Garrett passed away. The property at Market and Lake had a tempestuous career, but it survived depressions and tenancy changes and is now a valuable asset of the Institute.

Alexander Hesler



Alexander Hesler
Photographer of Lincoln

WE HAVE already noted the number of celebrities who came to Evanston after the great fire of 1871. One of this number was Alexander Hesler, famous Lincoln photographer. Hesler's studio was in the Judson block. This building was at the northeast corner of Davis Street and Orrington Avenue. The Hesler home was on Forest Avenue and Lake Street. An announcement card in the files of the Historical Society, dated Tuesday, July 9, 1872, invites the public to a reception at the studio of A. Hesler and Son for the afternoon and evening of that date.

Helen Hesler Kilbourn under date of October 22, 1910 wrote Mr. Currey of the Historical Society the following outline of the life of her famous father.

"With the gaze of the Republic fixed more intently than ever upon the wigged shape of Abraham Lincoln comes an unfailing recurrence of interest in the work of every artist who portrayed his face. Among these most eminent in the days of Lincoln's rise—of the Lincoln Douglas debates and the time of Lincoln's nomination—was Alexander Hesler of Chicago, who by 1851, from his earlier studio at Galena, had become

known on two continents as the leading American daguerreotypist of that day. The Crystal Palace of London had given him its highest awards and he held medals, gold, silver, and bronze, the highest awards of all of the Expositions and World's Fairs where his work was exhibited. His unusually fine daguerreotypes; the pictures painted by the half dozen portrait painters in his yearly employ; and the personality of the artist himself made 'Hesler's Gallery,' 113 Lake Street, the gathering place of a coterie of artists and public spirited friends as well as distinguished people visiting the young city.

Volk, Healy, Story, and Tracey were among the artists contributing their works to the Exhibition of the Art Union held in his Gallery through the month of December, 1859, from which in later years grew what is now the Chicago Art Institute.

His friend Leonard Volk, the sculptor, executed a portrait of Mr. Hesler which has been pronounced by Lorado Taft to be the most delicate piece of modeling of any cameo work done in this country. Of Mr. Volk's bust of Lincoln, Mr. Hesler said: 'Mr. Volk has the only true likeness in clay that has been made, and if Mr. Lincoln is perpetuated in marble by true history this will be the likeness chosen.'

In August of 1851 under a commission from *Harpers* he explored the upper Mississippi Valley for characteristic scenes and vistas. Having reached the small town of St. Paul, he worked down the river for a few miles, where, near Fort Snelling he came upon a laughing, leaping veil of water known to the region as Brown's Falls. On returning to Galena he carried some twenty views of the cascade, which he had taken in its every aspect. The day after his arrival, Mr. George Sumner, a brother of Charles Sumner and

also a friend of Longfellow, visited the studio and became so enthusiastic over the sylph-like views of the falls that the artist presented him with one. In 1856 to his surprise, Mr. Hesler received an author's copy of a new poem 'Hiawatha,' inscribed in Longfellow's hand 'with compliments of the author.' At a later visit of George Sumner to the studio, now removed to Chicago, he informed Mr. Hesler that while the poet was making his studies for Hiawatha in the books of Schoolcraft and others he had taken upon his strolls of musing in the groves of Cambridge the lovely picture of a western waterfall and further attested by a letter from Longfellow himself, the art of Hesler gave the inspiration by which Brown's Falls sprang to immortality as 'Minnehaha Laughing Water.'

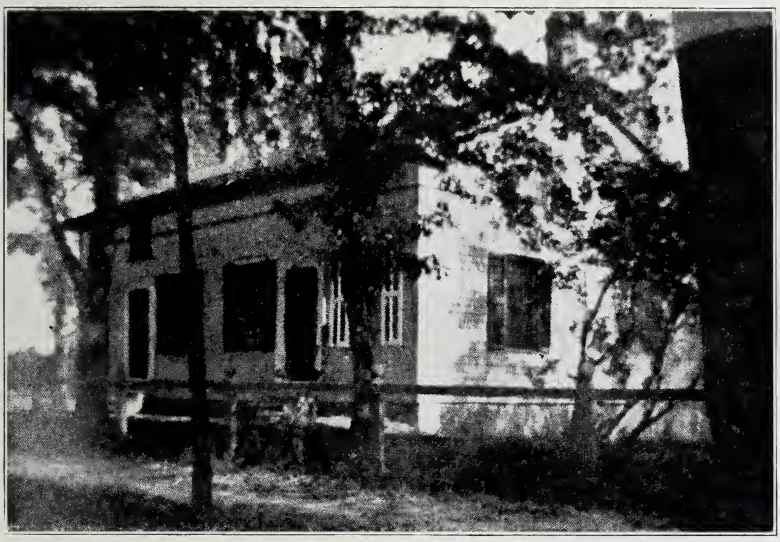
But keen and sympathetic as was his feeling for nature; it was the study of the soul in the human face that most delighted him.

Many of Chicago's pioneers, especially of her jurists and officers in the Civil War, sat for him. His picture of Miss Frances Willard was one she greatly favored and at her request he filled hundreds of orders from that negative.

Unexpectedly on a February morning in 1857 came his task of a lifetime. A gaunt, lofty figure with long black hair falling carelessly over his forehead, stalked in announcing that he had come 'so that lawyers over at the Court House that want my picture bad enough to buy it can come and get copies.' Many varying versions of this memorable sitting have been given. Here is Mr. Hesler's version: 'A glance at his head and face struck me as one of rare goodness. His hair was very long and I asked him if I might arrange it, to which he replied, 'Fix it to please you.' I ran my fingers through his hair, throwing it off his forehead. The re-

sult was the picture in profile, showing his magnificent head and a strength of character never since portrayed.

In 1860 Mr. Hesler wrote Mr. Lincoln that the Republican National Convention had requested him to make a more 'dressed up' portrait to compare better with the pictures he had made of Douglas to be used in the campaign. 'He kindly replied that his friends had decided that he should remain in Springfield until after the Election, but if I would come down there he would give me sittings. I went down the last of June and secured a number of good negatives, prints from which, in reduced form were scattered by the thousands all over the country and convinced the people that such a noble head was the one to lead and govern this mighty nation.' ''



Buckeye Tavern

The Buckeye Hotel

IF YOU were a weary traveler in the 1850's and you were traveling north of the river, you would have had several choices of places to stay, not all of them good. If you have read Harriet Martineau, English writer, you get a fairly good work picture of some of them. If you erred in your judgment of one, you could not go back as we do today, when we are not impressed with the motel which happened to be the stopping place at 5:00 or 6:00 in the afternoon. If you wished to stop very early in the day, you could have stopped at Traders at the north end of Lincoln Park. From there north the list is a long one: Baers Tavern or Mrs. Patterson's Tavern at Habbards hill. Taverns of that day were sometimes referred to as the five, six, or 7-mile house. Buckeye Hotel in Evanston was the thirteen-mile or a day's journey. The Buckeye was built in 1848 by Isaac Burroughs. It was to be a family affair, for David Warner Burroughs ran it as a hotel until 1858. David was Postmaster during a part of that period. The next occupant was Alonzo Burroughs, another brother who used it as a residence until his death in 1897. The Burroughs were Ohio people, and were sometimes referred to as that Ohio bunch—hence the name Buckeye. J. Seymour Currey regretted that the apartment building now on the site was not named the Buckeye apartments. A part of the building is now incorporated in the house at 1204 Noyes St. The Buckeye's menu for supper might have included these items—biscuits, buttermilk, fried pork and venison. After the destruction of the Northwestern Female College in

1856, the inn housed the students and faculty of that institution. John Evans and Orrington Lunt are said to have been guests at Evanston's famous inn.

Buckeye Tavern
Diorama Showing Mail and Passenger Coach

You will be well paid if you visit the rooms of the Historical Society, if you inspect only the diorama showing mail and passenger coach as it pulls up in front of the Buckeye Tavern in 1849. The diorama was planned and executed under the direction of Miss Kathleen Hubbard, Supt. of Central Museum Laboratory. Actual working time spent on construction was 1560 man hours or 3 months. 15 workers and artists took part in the construction. The cost was in the neighborhood of $2,000.

The Vane Family

IN ANOTHER story I said that the Allen Vane House was at the northwest corner of Davis Street and Forest Place. This is true; subsequently it was moved to 210 Davis Street. In 1903 it was moved again to 1808 Lyons Street to make room for the fine new home of Hugh R. Wilson.

Allen Vane was born September 25, 1813, in Dorchester County, Maryland. He engaged in a number of businesses in Chicago. In 1855 he purchased the property at Davis Street and Forest Place. His first wife was Mary E. Vane, who passed away in 1882. In 1885 he married Mrs. Lucy Prescott of Springfield, Massachusetts. I remember very well the letters we received from Lucy Prescott Vane. She always placed at the top of her letter a quotation from the Scriptures. The Vanes were identified with the First Methodist Church when they met for worship over Colvin's Store. It is said that Allen Vane and John A. Pearsons used to carry fuel up the outside stairway and make fires for the services.

The Evanston Press under date of May 17th, 1902, had this to say of the Vane family:

An old resident says "That house has stood there ever since there was a junction between Sheridan Road and Forrest Avenue; oh my! farther back than that too. Why that house was a social center long before Volney Foster, the father of Sheridan Road ever thought of Evanston. Let me see; the Vanes came here in 1855 and built that house.

"There were three daughters and three sons in the family, and besides the family, the only black woman

in Evanston was a member of the household. Black Maria, as she was always called, came to church every Sunday with the family and sat in the pew. She was also a regular attendant at class meeting and her testimony was waited for and listened to with the greatest of interest by the members of the class. In times of great religious excitement, such as revivals and camp meetings, Maria was sure to have 'the power,' see visions, and dream dreams. The Vanes came from Maryland with ideas of the South, and as Maria was an old, faithful and devoted servant, she was much esteemed and made of by the family, besides being a source of interest and curiosity to the younger residents of Evanston.

"The three daughters were great belles and leaders of fashion in the small village. They were pointed out to strangers as the three most stunning girls in Evanston. They invariably dressed in the extreme of fashion. When the immense tilting hoop skirt came in, the Vane girls were the first to have them, and the other girls were just green with envy as the Vane girls went by with their spread out, undulating gowns.

"There were three sons in the family, and last and by no means least in importance, 'Billy' Rawleigh, Mrs. Vane's nephew, as gay a gallant as ever whispered lies to a blushing girl. Then came the War of the Rebellion, and Billy went away, leaving many a sore heart behind. There were many girls who thought of him, and I really believe, prayed for him, although he wore the rebel gray and fought the boys in blue. The family married, died, and were scattered abroad through the land, and now you say the old house is going over onto the prairie. Well I am glad they do not tear the old house down sighed the old resident and turned away sorrowful."

The reporter met another old resident just then and

when asked "Do you know anything of a man who formerly lived here called Billy Rawleigh?"

"Well I should say I did, everybody knew Billy. He was a great lark. Why he and the Page boys and Will Lord carried half the girls' hearts around loose in their pockets. Poor Billy, he went south and fought as he believed. He came back here only a year or two ago, but he did not make himself known, just looked around sad like, and begged the only one who remembered and recognized him not to make known his presence. Strange to say it wasn't a woman who knew him, though he said he met several who cared for him, but it was a man whose best girl Billy had won away from him in the old gay days."

Charles W. Pearson

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY and the Methodist Church were stirred to the depths by the pronouncements of Charles W. Pearson, Professor of English Literature in January 1902. At the General Conference of the Methodist Church in 1900 Professor Pearson read a paper in which he stated that the story of Adam and Eve was a myth and that Christian Churches should abandon all creeds. If Professor Pearson were preaching today his statements would be accepted by a very large body of Methodism. Darwin's Theory of Evolution created such a commotion in the Christian world about this time. The question of the myths and folklore of the Bible and the teaching of the In-

fallibility of the Great Book has given religious leaders and teachers a great deal of concern.

Professor Pearson was raised in a Methodist family, his father being a Methodist minister. At the age of 14 he left his home in England and became a sailor before the mast. He spent several months in India, where he taught in a mission school. Later he entered Northwestern Academy and graduated from the College of Liberal Arts in 1871.

The burden of Professor Pearson's thesis was freedom of thought in matters of religion. Speaking of the pronouncements of Professor Pearson, Charles J. Little of Garrett Biblical Institute is reported to have said:

> "In this day of the world a man can believe what he wants to, but he cannot believe some things *where* he wants to. It would be indecent to sing a comic song at a funeral, and if Professor Pearson wants to hold such views, as he has a right to, he should have the decency to go where he has a right to hold them—outside the Methodist Church.
>
> "I am astonished to know how he reconciles his views with the teaching of Methodism. Emerson had similar views and he had the decency to withdraw from the Methodist Church. Let the Professor go to Mangasarian's Church or to Satter's Church, or if he does not want to go to Chicago, let him hire a hall himself."

Dr. M. S. Terry of the Institute was somewhat milder in his denunciation; "I think that Professor Pearson was unwise in publishing what he did; It can do no good and may do a lot of harm. I fear that it will cause trouble before it is over. The Methodist Church is founded on the belief in the miraculous and supernatural, and if you take away that belief you destroy the very foundations of the Church."

Rev. F. A. Hardin of the Rock River Conference descended to the vulgar level in his denunciation: He declared that "he would like to skin that man, tan his hide, and tack it upon a barn door. He ought to be filled with vinegar, then stood on his head, while the vinegar ran out his ears."

Professor Pearson had this to say of Dr. Hardin's comment: "By a good many persons this racy rhetoric has been taken too literally. I being to the manner born, and knowing Dr. Hardin's goodness, was only amused by it."

Rev. Thomas B. Gregory in his review of the book "The Carpenter Prophet" as reported in the Chicago American, had this to say:

> "Than the character of Jesus of Nazareth nothing finer has ever come within the orbit of human observation, and the character of Jesus of Nazareth stands out in the pages of Professor Pearson's book as it does in no other book in the whole range of literature.
>
> "This is saying a great deal, but I am convinced that it is true. Professor Pearson, the clear-eyed, kindly-souled man, excommunicated by the Northwestern University on account of his heresy, has walked with the great Nazarene, as with a familiar friend, has got his idea and caught his beautiful spirit and in his wonderful book 'The Carpenter Prophet' he shows him to us as He has not been since he walked about in Galilee doing good."

The following item appeared in a recent number of The Alumni News:

"As a memorial to Charles William Pearson, one of Northwestern's outstanding professors from 1871 to 1902, a handsome bronze plaque was recently placed in University Hall just outside Room 207 which was his office for many years. The plaque was made pos-

sible through the generosity of his daughter, Mrs. Ethel Pearson Martin, formerly of Evanston and now of Ormond Beach, Florida.

"The following inscription appears on the plaque: 'In memory of Charles William Pearson, Professor of English Literature, Northwestern University 1871-1902, a Northwestern University graduate, Phi Beta Kappa, of whom it may be said: He has achieved success who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has always looked for the best in others and given them the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."

Professor Pearson withdrew voluntarily from the Methodist Church and resigned his professorship in the University. His latter days were spent as a pastor of a Unitarian Church at Quincy, Illinois.

First Telephone Exchange

IF YOU were a telephone subscriber in 1883 and called "Central", your dentist might have answered, that is if Dr. Charles A. Garnsey was your dentist. The wires entered the cupola of the Anderson Building and went to a board in Dr. Garnsey's office. No operator was employed for the first few months, and if the calls were heavy enough, Dr. Garnsey would have to excuse himself from the patient in the chair and take care of the incoming calls. This, of course, did not continue very long. The first operator and a very efficient one she proved herself to be, was Miss Laura Douglass. During the Christmas holidays Mr.

James S. Kirk, famous soap manufacturer, sent Miss Douglass a box of candy, also wrote a letter to Manager Charles A. P. Garnsey commending Miss Douglass for her very efficient work as the telephone operator. The Kirks' number was 44, a number they retained for many years. Miss Douglass subsequently went to India as a missionary.

Public improvements frequently met with opposition on the part of the citizens, and the telephone was no exception. An injunction was issued restraining the company from erecting poles and wires which caused delay, but the company finally succeeded in securing possession of the streets.

Originally no service was given on Sunday and the Board closed at 7:00 p.m. Increase in the load made it necessary to employ a second operator.

First telephones are described as being very crude mechanically. Dr. Garnsey, who was somewhat of an amateur, made a private line for the Northwestern Railroad. It consisted of an electro-magnet without a permanent magnet, an induction coil and a battery. Receiver was also used as a transmitter.

A toll line to Chicago was erected in 1885, but the induction from the Western Union, Chicago Board of Trade and Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph lines made the telephone line very noisy, so noisy in fact that loud shouting into the transmitter could be heard a block away. This reminds me of the old one about the father being told by members of the family that if he stepped out on the porch, it would not be necessary for him to use the telephone.

In 1883 the Exchange was started with 40 instruments, by 1885 it had grown to 400, then to 600 in 1889. In the early days party lines were common. Eight telephones on one line was not unusual. One ring, one

and one-half rings, two rings were the signals to the subscribers. Privacy was not guaranteed. Several offices might use one phone which was installed in the corridor.

Telephone No. 1 was assigned to the Water Works, No. 2 to the Fire Hose House, No. 3 to J. S. Jewell, M.D., No. 6 to a member of the Wilson family, No. 7 to George Huntoon, No. 8 to the Orvis French House, No. 9 to S. M. Dingee, No. 10 to the Avenue House, Dr. Charles H. Quinlan, owner and proprietor.

A Student Prank

STUDENTS are guilty of breaches of good conduct. This probably gave rise to the very old injunction—"Don't have nothing to do with no students." French, in his delightful reminiscences "Old Evanston and Fifty Years Later" tells this one:

"Across the corner from this 'New' Baptist Church is the Presbyterian Church. At this corner of Lake Street looking east you see a big black 200 pound cinnamon bear chained to a post in the vacant corner lot across the street and south of the First Congregational Church. The bear was trapped by J. P. Pierson on a northern hunting trip.

"One day this bear broke its chain and attacked a passing woman student who in one moment's time looked like a summer flapper on the Wilson Avenue beach. This so excited the men students of Northwestern University that they felt that for this offense the Pierson family should be deprived of its an-

ticipated juicy bear steaks, and that they, the students, should have the biggest bear barbecue steak dinner ever given in Evanston. Therefore with the assistance of Bill Currey, the expressman Simon Peter Douthit and Messers Waldron and Evans, the bear followed by hundreds of yelling students was given a most exciting ride to the big woods, where plenty of wonderful bonfire wood was available, and with this they built such a fire as you would imagine would be built by hundreds of excited and hungry students. The bear was killed, cut up and broiled, and every edible part very shortly disappeared. No steak ever tasted better than the steak of this stolen animal.

"According to history Mr. Pierson was considerably upset because Mrs. Pierson and the children were deprived of even a taste of the animal and because he was given only an ear as a memento of the occasion."

"Uncle Jim" Lindsey

ONE of the finest men I ever knew was James Lindsey. My first picture of Jim was an elderly man seated on a junk wagon drawn by one horse. At that time he lived at 909 Foster Street.

Maxine Maloney, a Medill Journalism student wrote the story of "Uncle Jim's" life. She has done such an excellent job that I quote it in full:

"A former Negro slave has been living peacefully within the boundaries of Evanston for the past 48 years

a man who saw the pain and hardships of the period before and during the Civil War. That man is James Lindsey, 1025 Emerson Street, whom tomorrow, Memorial Day, brings unusual recollections.

"Children affectionately call him 'Uncle Jim' and the neighborhood gang settles down around his back porch steps when the evenings are nice, to be thrilled with the stories of his exciting life.

"Uncle Jim is 87 now and his days of active work are over. Yet he is a vital part of the youth life of his section of Evanston. Mothers are grateful to the stooped, smiling, gray-haired old man who entrances their children for hours at a time. What Uncle Jim tells interests more than a child. His life is one continual story of the tragedy of enslaved youth, the fear he suffered, the loneliness, the unnecessary brutality which bosses inflicted on him and his friends.

"At the time of his birth, October 17, 1849, his mother was working on a plantation along the James River in Virginia. She was taken away while he was crawling on the dirt floor of their cabin, and sold into the hands of another plantation owner.

"He brings stories over the years about the unbelievable cruelty with which plantation owners treated their slaves. He tells of a five-year-old boy who worked in the kitchen of his master and washed dishes, carried wood, kept the fire going, ran all kinds of errands, and helped tend horses.

"Uncle Jim recalls the day when Robert Lee came riding by the plantation at Petersburg, Virginia, and noticed several of the young boys working in a woody place, cutting trees. They had been hurried away from their plantation when Northern troops had come too close for safety. Three-hundred of them were stationed in this wood.

"As he thought back upon the scene a melancholy look came over his face, his eyes grew sad and misty, and he represented the typical 'Old Black Joe,' who yearns for his warm Southland. The melancholy passed quickly, however, and into his black eyes came remnants of that very look which he must have had in his youth. He looks proud, and at the same time resentful as he repeats the words of Lee:

" 'Get back there, you damned niggers! Get them niggers out of the way! The Yankees cut the railroad in two!'

" 'Two overseers,' he went on, 'had been particularly brutal to this group of men. They had kept them working continuously and made them go for two or three days without food or drink. The only way we could get anything to live on was to wait until dark and steal over and get corn and parch it on the fire and then eat it during the next day. We had horse meat too, but it was so bad we couldn't eat it.'

"He told how he and his friends listened eagerly to the roll of the cannons from Wednesday to Sunday. They could tell from the sound who was winning, and finally when they saw Lee come galloping down the road they knew there had been a great Northern victory. Soon part of the famous Iron Brigade came dashing by in victorious pursuit. When they saw the Negroes in the woods they stopped and detached several men to investigate.

"When the Northern soldiers saw the things that had been happening to those prisoned slaves they were enraged. They found the overseers had made huge paddles, cut holes in them and then soaked them in water with salt and pepper. This kind of a weapon left marks on the backs of slaves for the rest of their lives.

"'What do you want to do with these?' one of the officers asked of the Negroes as he looked at the frightened overseers. 'No one answered, but each man silently walked toward a large tree, and several started to climb, carrying long ropes in their teeth.'

"Uncle Jim finally made his escape and became acquainted with Major Billy Hamilton, washed and cooked for him, brushed his horses, and was the general orderly for the major and Colonel Warner. These two men were the first persons who were ever kind to him."

One part of the story which Miss Maloney does not relate. Uncle Jim told me that he was present at Appomatox and witnessed the surrender of Lee to General U. S. Grant.

From the Newspaper Files

WE SUPPOSE we have a good law against shooting birds; but in spite of it the worthless Nimrods are (every) year murdering and frightening off our beautiful feathered friends and songsters. Please don't do it. Find your pleasure in some other way. Perhaps some of our butchers will allow you to sate your thirst for blood by sticking a pig occasionally or knock down a young calf. Try them. You ought to improve your manly instincts in some way. But work to some purpose, and don't kill the birds. (From *first* issue of Evanston Index, dated June 8, 1872).

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY!

The river people should remember it as well as others. We are told they were unloading lumber from a pier there last Sunday. Don't let us, the people, have such a report again. Rest on the Sabbath, honor God's laws and Christian sentiment. (Pier referred to may have been Davis Street Pier.) (Index, August 3, 1872.)

We have before referred to the fact that some of our butchers do no small portion of their slaughtering right under our noses in the rear of their stores on Davis Street. It can be legally stopped, and if our village fathers don't stop it, they are very remissive of their duties. The offense is rank, and the neighbors say it smells to heaven. The President of the Board promised us that he would stop it, but he has not done it, and those who live near these bad smelling slaughter houses come to us with sad complaints. But the village officers ought to abolish nuisances. Let the slaughtering be done outside the village. (Index, August 31, 1872.)

Died on Monday last somebody's cow. As soon as it had been withdrawn from the milk producing business, it was pitched out, allowed to remain at the foot of Greenwood Street for a day or two. It may be well to mention that there is a fine, of from five to fifteen dollars for such an outrageous offense against the public nose (Index, July 12, 1873).

Near Tragedy

AT THE windows of the doomed building the children could be seen looking with anxious faces at the crowd below and their voices could be heard calling for the help no one was able to give. So reads in the Evanston Index an account of the Main and Benson Public School fire 47 years ago this month.

Ten persons were victims of this costly fire which occurred in March 1894. It was during the morning recess that the fire was first discovered by Miss Foster, a teacher on the first floor. She rushed into the only other room on the first floor to warn the teacher. The teachers on the second floor had only one access to the outside and this, a stairway, was already in flames when they heard the cries of the two teachers downstairs, and so it was with the greatest difficulty that they managed to get the children out.

Most of the children kept calm and filed out in some semblance of order but several completely lost their heads and, running blindly about were overcome by smoke.

When the teachers thought all of the children were safe, they came out of the blazing building, their eyes filled with tears and their throats contracted from stifling smoke. Later it was seen that there were about a dozen children left on the second floor of the building but the heat of the flames was so intense that no one could enter the inferno. There were crowds watching beneath the windows but they could offer no assistance.

However, a daring fire marshal, moved by the

ghastly sight, approached the door, pushed it open, and walked down the hall cringing from the white hot walls. No sooner had he entered the room than he tripped over the prostrate body of a small girl. He picked her up, threw her across his shoulder and stumbled out of the room. Making his way back to the outer door, he heard the ceiling crash to the floor behind him bringing the children trapped upstairs into the chaos below. But the fire marshal could not turn back, and the ten innocents were enveloped in flames.

The cause of the fire has always remained a mystery, but the fire brought to the attention of the citizens of Evanston the need of razing such fire traps as the Main and Benson School appears to have been. The damage amounted to $50,000, a heavy blow to the citizens, but certainly it showed the people that their children's lives should be better protected by the erection of suitable and fireproof public school buildings.

The above is a story written for the high school magazine "Scribe", March 1941. The story leaves the impression that 10 children were lost. This is not true. All children were rescued. The fire marshal referred to was Samuel Harrison, one time Justice of Peace.

The Evanston Index under date of March 24, 1894, reports as follows:

Carrie Anderson aged 8 and Jeanie Johnson aged 12 were badly burned about the face and hands. The rescue of Jeanie Johnson by Fire Marshal Harrison did seem providential. She could not be located. The statement that he tripped over her prostrate form may be true.

Evanston Hospital Staff 1928. Doctor Merritt C. Bragdon, to the right of Miss McLeery, first suggested a hospital for Evanston.

The Evanston Hospital

First Hospital Building
806 Emerson St. — 1892

IN THE early nineties, the better care of the sick in Evanston and the North Shore stirred the minds and hearts of our people. Dr. Merritt Caldwell Bragdon made the suggestion to Mrs. Rebecca N. Butler and Mrs. Maria Huse Wilder and they in turn interested forty Evanston citizens in establishing the Evanston Emergency Hospital Association. The date of the incorporation was December 4, 1891. $2800 was raised to purchase the small cottage at 806 Emerson Street. Subsequently the house was moved to the west and is now the parsonage for the Ebenezer African Methodist Church. Six beds was the patient capacity of the little hospital. The first patient was welcomed April 15, 1893. Five years after, February 8, 1898, the Administration Building was opened on the Ridge Avenue Site. This Ridge Avenue site, if it had been visited by the palefaces 100 years before, they would have beheld people with copper skins, engaged in chipping stones, the finished article being arrowheads. An appropriate marker relates the story. Contributions in the next 15 years made possible the Cable Memorial Building; the Williams Building in 1907 for the care of maternity patients; Patten

Hall for nurses in 1910, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Patten.

Mr. John E. Blunt, a member of the Board of Directors, was the first patient to occupy the north front room on the second floor of what was then the General

Miss Hedwig Johnson, First Visiting Nurse—1903.

Building. Mr. Blunt's malady was appendicitis, diagnosed in the early days as "acute indigestion." The Blunt stay at the hospital was three weeks. I am glad to report that Mr. Blunt is still with us.

Miss Anna Locke was the Superintendent in 1898. She founded the School of Nursing in the same year. Miss Edith Bird was her assistant.

The picture of the first ambulance would appear to have been a conveyance for the delivering of groceries.

Log Cabin Mystery 1834

IN 1834 Abraham Hathaway built a log cabin at the northwest corner of Raymond Park. Hathaway did not own the land. He took possession as a squatter.

On this site he opened a tavern, which had a reputation of being a counterfeiters' den. One day a peddler stopped at the inn. His horse and wagon remained, but the driver was never seen again. Hathaway said that he bought the horse and wagon.

A few days after the disappearance of the peddler, Hathaway was seen filling in a good well. When asked why, he replied that the water was not good. Some of his neighbors began digging out the partially filled well, but the work was not followed to conclusion and the mystery of the vanishing peddler was never solved.

After a brief time Hathaway left for parts unknown.

O'Flaherty

THE man most remembered by the Alumni of Northwestern prior to 1915 is probably O'Flaherty. He was a dispenser of fried egg sandwiches and coffee to the undergraduates. His first place of business was on the South side of Davis Street just east of the Simpson Block. At that time the restaurant was known as K

and O's. The K is for Kelly. Ed Kelly does not appear to have been a partner of O's very long. When Kelly first came to Evanston he was a coachman for H. H. C. Miller. Mr. Miller was a Trustee and a good friend of the University.

My recollection of O's eating place was on the North side of Davis Street, east of what was then the Garwood Drug Store. After an evening of hard study we used to say; "Let's go down to O's for a snack."

O' became famous for betting against the home football team. He probably came out on the credit side of the ledger, for the Purple did not have the reputation for winning conference championships. At the end of the football season he would give the "N" men a great banquet. It is related by one of the Alumni that he did the job up right. The finest dishes and silverware were used.

At one time it is said that a postcard was sent to the Evanston Post Office mailed from a European city addressed to O' Evanston, Illinois. The Postmaster delivered it to O'Flaherty.

A student at the turn of the century has this to say of the famous Irishman:

"There (at O's) you were able to get a breakfast consisting of two sweet rolls and a cup of coffee, familiarly known as 'coffee and!' For lunch you could get roast beef or pork, mashed potatoes, a vegetable (usually stewed tomatoes), bread and butter and coffee. For dinner you could get a small steak or two pork chops, fried potatoes, bread and butter and a cup of coffee. For these wonderful meals you paid 5 cents for breakfast and 15 cents a piece for lunch and dinner. On Sundays you had an additional choice of stewed chicken which cost 20 cents. You could at all times get ham and two eggs, fried potatoes, bread and but-

ter and a cup of coffee for 15 cents. At times O' did his own cooking, waited on tables and the counter and acted as cashier."

"At one time O' was taken sick and went to the hospital. After some days it was reported that he had died. Immediately a large number of his business friends contributed money for flowers for his funeral. O' did not die, and when he got back to operate his restaurant, he learned about the contributions for flowers. He at once made a tour and saw everyone who had contributed and gave them hell for doing so, saying 'You would not give me any flowers while I was alive and I do not want any after I am dead.' He lived many years after that."

The student continues further: "I do not believe that any student in temporary financial distress ever had O' say 'No' to him. He was always ready to help a needy student." Thus it will be seen that here was a man who lived at the side of the road and was a friend of man.

Literary Societies

BEFORE the days of automobiles, radios, television, country clubs, movies, etc., etc., Evanstonians, or the intelligentsia of Evanston, devoted their time to cultural pursuits. There were a number of literary societies. Because of the prominence of the leaders in the discussion group I am submitting the season's program of "Ligensia" in full. The program is for the season 1885-1886.

OUTLINE OF WORK

Essayists — *Leaders of the Discussion*

September 25

Theory of the Constitution of the United States
And its Actual Working.

Dr. Cummings — R. B. McMullen, E. P. Clapp

October 9

Comparison of the Constitution of the United States with that of Great Britain.

A. B. Hull — C. W. Pearson, Miss Anna Savage

October 23

Is the Enfranchisement of Women Desirable?

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Harbert — H. G. Grey, Mrs. J. D. Quinlan

November 6

Should Emigration be Limited?

C. B. Foote — F. P. Crandon, G. H. Horswell

November 20

The Future of the Working Classes.

Wm. Deering — H. H. C. Miller, Miss Mary Poole

December 4

The Future of the South.

M. S. Terry — Mrs. H. G. Grey, Miss Lizzie R. Hunt

———

December 18, Annual Meeting for the Election of Officers, Etc.

———

January 15, Sixth Annual Reunion and Banquet.

———

January 29

Modern Socialism.

G. W. Candee — Mrs. F. P. Crandon, O. E. Haven

February 12

The Health of Americans Today.

Mrs. M. H. Wilder — Mrs. G. W. Candee, Miss Kate Quinlan

Stories of Early Evanston

February 26

The Genesis of Crime

Mrs. H. F. Fisk — C. B. Atwell, Miss E. S. Edwards

March 12

The Suppression and Cure of Crime.

H. B. Ridgaway — Mrs. R. B. McMullen, Miss Fannie Wiswall

March 26

Manual and Training Schools.

Mrs. M. C. Van Benschoten — Mrs. C. F. Bradley, Mrs. D. A. Kimball

April 9

Advantages and Disadvantages of a Free Public School System.

Miss Ellen L. White — G. S. Baker, Mrs. O. E. Haven

April 23

University and Higher Education.

Mrs. Ellen S. Carhart — C. F. Bradley, Mrs. H. B. Ridgaway

May 7

Amusements—Their Use and Abuse.

Mrs. H. H. C. Miller — Mrs. R. F. Queal, Mrs. C. B. Atwell

May 14, Business Meeting

May 28

The American Pulpit.

D. A. Kimball — W. S. Harbert, Mrs. A. B. Hull

June 11

Money versus Culture.

Mrs. C. B. Foote — Miss Mary C. Burgess, Miss Kittie Redfield

Small Pox — 1890

DR. EBEN P. CLAPP, contemporary with Dr. Merritt B. Bragdon, Dr. Edward Webster, Dr. W. A. Phillips, and several others held an early position on the Board of Health. In a letter to Dr. Dwight F. Clark under date of April 18, 1940, he states that expenses of the department for his first year of service was $35.00. We quote further from the doctor's letter to indicate the advance that we have made in prevention of some of the "dirty" diseases.

"The water problem was easily solved. We were not troubled with any filtration plant, we simply dumped our sewage into the Lake at the foot of Davis Street and a mile north of there pumped our fresh water into the city water supply trusting to our firm belief that the southward drift would carry our filth down to the Chicago River.

"One morning in early spring I was called to a cottage near the lumber yard at the northwest corner of Sherman Avenue and Church Street, to see a colored girl who had a 'breaking out'. After examining, (I had never seen or smelled small pox before) I appealed to Dr. Mann, the then Mayor of Evanston, who had had previous experience with small pox. He took one look at the patient, then gave me a most peculiar look as much as to say, 'Don't you know enough to diagnose a case of this kind?' And I responded to his glance by saying, 'Yes, I think it is, but I was not sure.' He said: 'It is' and the interview stopped and our troubles began!

"As you know Evanston had no 'pest house' and we were unable to find anyone who would welcome us

to their neighborhood. We finally discovered a subdivision just east of the hospital which was not occupied, but had vacant streets belonging to the city. We immediately took possession of one of these streets; started carpenters laying floors, and sent men to Chicago for equipment. Our reply to the men as to what the floor was for, was that we were going to have a dance there. Within a short time we had the floors down and tents erected, and things in readiness for our small pox patient who was promptly moved in—and a yellow flag floated from the tent pole. This was the first of several small pox cases, as there was quite an epidemic of the disease in Chicago—all of them made a good recovery. The friends of the patients were so anxious to see them that it became necessary to keep a policeman on the grounds to keep them away from the tents, and the climax came one chilly morning when the policeman reported to me that the nurse had left and that the patient had had nothing to eat since the day before. So it became my duty to forthwith provide food and care for the patient, which I proceeded to do. I can still remember the chilly back-side of the tent where I changed my clothes fanned by the breezes of Lake Michigan."

Dr. Clapp refers to the lumber yard on the site of Marshall Fields Store. After the lumber yard was moved, Haven School was built on the site. In fact, the ground is still owned by the school district subject to a long term lease to Marshall Field and Co. Dr. Eben Clapp subsequently removed to Pasadena, California. One of the Evanston papers erroneously reported Dr. Clapp's death. A short time after he came into my office. I mentioned the matter of his demise to which he replied that the report of his death was greatly exaggerated.

First Road Signs

THE first road signs were not for automobilists. If you will proceed to the Park at the foot of Davis Street, you may see one of them. The Historical Society of Wilmette has marked two others which are quite well known to historians. One is at the foot of Canterbury Court and the other is in the Parkway on Greenwood Avenue, near Tenth Street.

The March number of the "Scribe" of 1942, a publication by Evanston High School students interested in the early history of Evanston has done such a good job of describing these road signs that I repeat it in full.

"Along the shore of Lake Michigan and inland through Highland Park runs a trail of bent trees which point to the site of a long since vanished Indian Village in Skokie Valley.

"Raymond E. Janssen, geologist and resident of Evanston, hit upon the scientific explanation that these freaks of nature found throughout the Mississippi Valley and Great Lakes Regions were bent by Indians to mark tracks through the forest.

"Even Evanston has one of these trail trees. The one pictured on Scribe's Magazine cover this month stands near Davis Street and Sheridan Road. A red oak, it was once a Potawatamie trail tree pointing to a large Indian Village. The tree was growing originally near Calvary Cemetery but was moved and later marked for posterity.

"In an article for the July Scientific Monthly Janssen explains the Indian sign posts. 'In order to estab-

lish certain trees as markers, the Indians inhabiting the wooded regions, developed the custom of bending saplings and fastening them in position in such a way that they became permanently deformed,' stated Dr. Janssen. They did this by tying the trees in position with a strip of rawhide, bark or tough vine, and sometimes with rocks, stakes, or piles of dirt.

"Thirty years ago eleven markers lined the five-mile trail to Skokie Valley; today only seven remain, since four were destroyed due to destruction by storm or decay."

Hitching Posts

MR. DWIGHT F. CLARK, former President of the Historical Society wrote a number of Evanstonians who had hitching posts in their parkways in which he made the request that they present them to the Society. The Doctor made his appeal as an attempt to perpetuate the memory of the horse and buggy days to the present generations. Postmaster George N. Taylor cooperated in marshalling the information as to the number and location of the prized mementos of the past. Dr. Taylor reported as follows:

1208 Judson Avenue—Iron tree pattern
2020 Hawthorne Lane—two slender posts with horses
2215 Lincoln Street—Fine horse's head
2703 Euclid Park Place—Fine post with horse's head
1045 Forest Avenue—Negro in color
1310 Maple Avenue—Iron pole topped with ball
833 Forest Avenue—Green iron tree pattern
1632 Esley Avenue—Two iron horsehead posts

The Doctor's appeal did not result in getting the hitching posts for the Society. A few said in reply that the posts had been secured only after an expenditure of time and money. Old timers will remember the weight used which was fastened by a leather strap to the ring in the horse's bridle.

The Society does have two of the high wheeled bicycles which were much in vogue in the eighties and early nineties. After the advent of the safeties with the two wheels of the same size, the high wheels passed to the museum.

Garrett Biblical Institute in the Civil War Period

WE GET a reflection of Evanston and Chicago from a letter written July 28, 1861. It was written by Carrie Thompson Salisbury, a bride who came here, from Ann Arbor, Michigan. Her husband, Andrew, came to Garrett Institute to study moral science, sacred literature and critical readings at the Institute. The letter is addressed to Mrs. Colin B. Cook of Ann Arbor. Only recently was the letter found by Mrs. Cook's granddaughter, Miss Laura B. Harding, 1909 N. Lincoln Avenue, Chicago. Now we will let the bride tell the story—

"It is not so beneficial living near the lake shore as I supposed. We have very sudden changes here, more so than in Michigan.

"The people of Chicago come out here to Evanston Grove nearly every Saturday to hold picnics.

On July 4th about 3,000 came for a picnic, some coming on street cars, and others on the steam boats, Comet and Lady Franklin.

"We are pleasantly situated, our rooms commanding a fine view of the Lake. Andrew likes the Institute very much, and thinks there is a great chance for improvement. Dr. Dempster owns the house in which we live, and there are three Doctors of Divinity here besides Bishop Simpson."

The bride also describes a camp meeting, probably at Des Plaines,

"during which so (many) were converted following Bishop Simpson's eloquent sermon. We did not attend it, as it was so far and my health was not good enough to stay on the grounds nights.

"Andrew and I went down to Chicago on a beautiful day. The Lake was clear and calm. The boat was trimmed with evergreens, eight flags bearing the stars and stripes floated over it and there was a splendid band on board. It was a delightful excursion and something altogether new.

"I doubt not that it will interest you to know that I am so fortunate as to be very happily married."

Bishop Simpson, mentioned in the bride's letter, was a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church and appeared often in the pulpit of the church when the House of Worship was on the library grounds. He was associated with the Institute which had been started some years previously. The Camp meeting ground on the Des Plaines river was frequently flooded by the overflow from the banks of the river. Northwestern campus was a favorite picnic ground for Chicago people. They came out by excursion boat, landed at the Davis Street pier and walked with their picnic baskets to the shady oaks on the campus. Dr. John Dempster was a founder of G.B.I.

Evanston Poets

IN FEBRUARY 12, 1903, William C. Levere collected and published a little volume which he called Evanston Poets. Some of the contributors are very familiar to old time Evanstonians. In another story I refer to some of the lines of S. E. Kiser, William S. Lord, and Wilbur Dick Nesbit. It may be interesting to note the relationship of the contributing poets to the early tradition of our city.

The Merwins, Samuel and H. B. contributed much to the cultural life of the university town. Martha Foote Crowe was Dean of Women at the turn of the century. Henry Kitchell Webster lived at the corner of Orrington Avenue and Clark Street. The Websters owned one of the first automobiles. Kate Wisner McClusky, wife of Franklin McClusky, Realtor, writes about "The Little Missionaries"; George Craig Stewart, Bishop of the Chicago Diocese, Protestant Episcopal Church, tells us about "A Trip to a Far Away Land." Elizabeth Harbert, founder of the Womans Club, chose as her subject "The Little Earth Angel"; O. L. Hall, dramatic critic on the Chicago Daily News, writes about "Storms of the Night"; Anna Gordon, private secretary to Frances Willard and subsequently President of the National Christian Temperance Union, contributes lines on "The Wild Aster"; Elizabeth Bragdon, daughter of Doctor M. B. Bragdon, and later Mrs. Alexander W. Moseley, chose as her subject "To a Lass"; Emily Huntington Miller in the lighter vein wrote about "A Laugh in Church"; J. Scott Clark, in charge of the English Department, raises the question, "Are All Our Heroes Dead?"; Professor Clark is

the author of the University Hymn "Quaecumque Sunt Vera." Frances Willard of the facile pen wrote about "An Old Oak"; while Charles W. Pearson, referred to in another column, dedicates his lines to "Frances E. Willard." Selected at random are other names some of whom dwell among us: Katherine MacHarg, Alice C. D. Riley, E. S. Weeden, Frank H. West, Edna Bronson, Grace Shuman, Barry Gilbert, and James Taft Hatfield.

T. R. in Evanston

THEODORE ROOSEVELT visited Evanston officially on two occasions—the first was in 1893 on June 15th. On that date he gave the commencement address at the Auditorium Chicago. Two thousand Evanstonians journeyed to Chicago to hear the 35-year old Police Commissioner of New York City. Northwestern on that occasion conferred upon Theodore the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The next time T. R. came to Evanston was April 2, 1903, as the 25th President of the United States. 10 years had intervened since his last visit to our city. In this interval New York City, Washington, D.C., and San Juan had seen him. Old Guard Republicans thought they had disposed of T. R. when they nominated him for Vice President on the Republican ticket in 1901. A shot at the Buffalo Fair, which took the life of Pres. McKinley, catapulted him into the President's chair in Sept. 1901. Oldtimers will remember the "Rough Riders" of the campaign. Harpers Weekly of April 18, 1903, gives us a

Omera Floyd Long Leading Procession
Theodore Roosevelt Flanked by James Patten and John C. Shaffer
Theodore Roosevelt's Visit to Evanston — 1903

number of poses of the President in Evanston. One was on the steps of Lunt Library with Pres. Edmund J. James of the University. Arrangements were made to bring all of the students of the downtown campus to Evanston. School children were lined up on Chicago Avenue between Davis Street and the University. Each child had a flag with which to greet the President as he passed. The Evanston Press got out an extra edition with a reproduction of the famous etching in London Punch; the Original with the Rough Rider mounted hung in the White House.

Men serving on the various committees reads like a Who's Who in Evanston. Edmund J. James headed the executive committee. Other members included John C. Shaffer, Mayor James Patten, Robert D. Sheppard, George R. Jenkins, Judge L. D. Thoman, Frank P. Crandon, Thomas F. Holgate, John H. Wigmore, Walter D. Scott was the University Marshal while William A. Dyche was chairman of the committee on carriages and Robert O. Vandercook chairman of the committee on decorations.

William E. Barton, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oak Park and biographer of Abraham Lincoln, said of the author of the "Strenuous Life":

> "Here was a man who hurled back into the teeth of the world the lie that American character can be expressed in terms of money. Here was a man who lived greatly and simply and triumphantly and whose personality and ideals kindled the imagination of his country. And no one thinks to ask how much money he had. By force of character, by devotion to the public welfare, by fearless love of righteousness, and by faith in God and in the American people he wrought righteousness, obtained promises, subdued

kingdoms, dug the Panama Canal, reclaimed vast tracts of desert territory, and made it blossom like a rose, and exalted in the minds of all men everywhere the world's definition of an American."

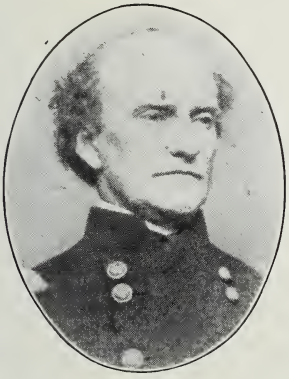
Bailey's Opera House

IN THE early days of Evanston there was a Lyons Hall and a Connors Hall, but only one Opera House. In order to qualify as an Opera House, it must have a stage, curtains and footlights. Only one building had a hall which filled the requirements, Jennings Opera House. One writer of the time describes it as the last word in architectural beauty and stability. The building which eventually became a part of the Rosenberg Department Store was located on the South Side of Davis Street close to the tracks of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. The building upon which the ground stood was a duck pond where Evanston youngsters paddled around on rafts and floated sailboats. Purchase price of the two lots with 100 feet of frontage was $1300. Richard M. Jennings, son of Michael Jennings, who lived at 1739 Ridge Avenue in a house only recently demolished to make way for the Wieboldt Parking lot, related this ancedote connected with the Opera House shortly after it was built in 1872. He said that his father leased it to an "amusement club" from Chicago for a picnic and dance. The affair was advertized so effectively throughout Chicago that the crowd coming to Evanston on the Goodrich Line Steamer—only an eighth of the number could

get into the hall. The crowd composed of the riffraff of Chicago gave Evanston's two policemen, William and James Carney, a busy time. All of the male population of Evanston had to be sworn in as deputies to maintain the peace. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was one of the early ventures in drama. I have no doubt that tears were shed over the fate of Uncle Tom and little Eva.

In 1887 the Jennings family sold to the Baileys, hence Bailey's Opera House. The only picture in the files of the Historical Society show Bailey's Opera House in huge letters across the front of the building. The Bailey family at one time conducted a market and slaughter house across the street where the National Tea Company is now located. Later the slaughter house actively was operated on land across Sheridan Road from the National Kindergarten College. Subsequently they built a large brick house on the grounds known as the Bailey House. The last tenant to occupy this house was A. Starr Best of A. Starr Best & Co.

Mr. Lincoln Slept Here



Gen. Julius White Entertained Lincoln

THE greatest celebrity ever to visit Evanston was Abraham Lincoln. The date was early in April, probably April 4, 1860. On February 27th of that year Mr. Lincoln delivered his famous Cooper Union speech and overnight he became a national figure. He had spent some time in Chicago for the defense in the Sand Bar case. Julius H. White, later General White, invited him to come to Evanston and Harvey B. Hurd was appointed his escort. Mr. Hurd in relating the incident, said that he and Lincoln occupied the seat in the car next to the stove. Mr. Lincoln extended his long legs under the next seat and related stories to him about his recent trip to New England.

After arrival in Evanston, he was driven to the White home which occupied the property formerly owned by Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Lake on the northwest corner of Ridge Avenue and Church Street. A crowd had gathered in the street and the yard, and Lincoln made a brief address from the front steps. Hurd says that after the first few minutes Mr. Lincoln was at perfect ease and entertained the guests by telling stories during the evening.

Mr. Lincoln requested that someone volunteer to sing some old-time songs. J. Watson Ludlam consented to sing, provided someone would act as an accompanist. Miss Stewart, then unknown to Mr. Ludlam, offered

to accompany him on the organ. This led to a romance, as Miss Stewart later became his bride. When Lincoln became President, they were invited to the White House. Another incident of the evening took place when Mr. Lincoln, noticing that Mr. Ludlam was a tall man, suggested that they "measure" whereupon it was discovered that Lincoln and Ludlam were of the same height.

The house occupied by the Whites, or at least a part of it, was moved to 1227 Elmwood Avenue, the home later of A. D. Sanders, Sr. From 1227 Elmwood Avenue it was moved to 2009 Dodge Avenue, its present location.

There are several houses in Evanston which claim the distinction of furnishing a sleeping place for the martyr President. Mr. Lincoln visited Evanston but once, and Mr. Currey has established beyond a question of a doubt that the home of Mr. and Mrs. White at the time of Lincoln's visit was at the Ridge Avenue and Church location.

William Deering

EVANSTON will not soon forget William Deering. The family home was at 404 Church Street, southwest corner of Judson Avenue. Wm. Deering came of Puritan stock. He was a Puritan in the best sense of that word. His early ambition was to be a country doctor. Fate was to decree otherwise. Very early he developed a genius for making money. His first marriage was to Abby Barbour, who died in 1856, leaving one child, Charles Deering. His second wife, Clara Hamilton, was the mother of James Deering and Abby Deering (Mrs. Richard Howe). Mr. Deering pioneered in the reaper business contemporaneously with Cyrus McCormick. It was Mr. Deering who developed the binding of grain with twine, a great saving to the farmer, who formerly bound with wire. At the time of the merger with the International Harvester Co., the Deering Co. employed 9,000 people and had 60 branches throughout America. He was at one time Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Northwestern University, also President of the Board of the sister Institution, Garrett Biblical Institute. Without Mr. Deering, Wesley Hospital would not have been built when it was. Mr. Deering came to Evanston in 1874. He was identified with the First Methodist Church. After his retirement, he spent a large part of his time at his winter home in Cocoanut Grove, Florida. It was in his Florida home that he died on December 9, 1913 at the age of 87 years. He was buried from the First Methodist Church on Sunday, December 14, 1913. Rev. Charles M. Stuart, President of Garrett Biblical Institute gave the prayer and read the Scripture lesson. Words of tribute were spoken by

Bishop Wm. Fraser McDowell. Bishop McDowell said in part: "There are those here today who are saying over together the names of Orrington Lunt and William Deering, and are repeating the words of John Bunyan as they do:

> " 'Now I saw in my dream that these two men went into the gate and lo! As they entered they were transfigured; they had raiment put on them that shone like gold, and crowns were given them in token of honor; and all the bells of the city rang again for joy, and it was said unto them: Enter ye into the joy of our Lord.' "

Prayer was said by his pastor, Dr. Timothy Prescott Frost. Interment was in Graceland Cemetery. A modest stone marks the last resting place.

Some Pioneer Doctors

DOCTOR WILLIAM G. ALEXANDER, writing in 1936, said that there is a record of 554 physicians who have lived in Evanston since 1854. At the same time Doctor Alexander expressed the opinion that more progress had been made in the science of Medicine in the preceding 100 years than in all the time back to Hippocrates. It would be interesting to have some physician take the position that more progress had been made since 1936 than in all the time back to the great Greek physician. Doctor Alexander was not a pioneer in the practice of Medicine. Nevertheless we note a few facts of this good citizen as well as a good doctor. He was born in Gosport, Indiana, in 1871. After

graduating from High School he registered at DePauw University, graduating in 1893. From 1896 to 1900 he taught Chemistry and Physics in the Evanston High School. He received his medical degree in 1904 and served a two-year internship at Wesley Hospital in Chicago. In June 1914 DePauw conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Science. For a time he served as a Director on the Board of the Community Hospital. His civic duties included: membership on the Planning Commission. He was also a Director on the Board of the Evanston Chamber of Commerce and for two years was Vice President of the Chamber. When I first met him he kept bachelors quarters in the Essex Building, now the site of the Chamber of Commerce Building.

The record of early doctors would not be complete without the name of Merritt Caldwell Bragdon. The family home was at 1709 Chicago Avenue and is still owned by members of the family, two of whom live in Evanston, Merritt C. Bragdon and Mrs. Alexander W. Moseley. Young Bragdon attended the University when it occupied a building, now Old College, at the corner of Davis Street and Hinman Avenue. Bragdon graduated with thirteen other students. At this time he spoke at length on "The Influence of Youth in the World." Bragdon went to Philadelphia for his medical training, there being no medical school at Northwestern. After graduation he returned to Evanston, where he began practice under the pioneer Doctor O. H. Mann, the first Mayor of Evanston. After three years he returned to Philadelphia to claim his bride. When the bride and groom returned to Chicago, they boarded an Excursion Boat which landed them at the Davis Street Pier.

The Doctor was a familiar figure on Davis Street. Tradition says that he never wore an overcoat. Doctor Bragdon was one of the founders of the Evanston Hos-

pital when it occupied a six-room house on Emerson Street west of Sherman Avenue.

Doctor Eben P. Clapp has been referred to in the small pox epidemic. Dr. Clapp practiced in Evanston for twenty years. From Evanston Dr. and Mrs. Clapp went to Pasadena, California, where he became interested in the lumber business. He was the last survivor of the Class of 81, Northwestern. He participated in the founding of the Evanston Hospital. Death came to Dr. Clapp shortly after passing his 88th birthday.

Dr. Edward H. Webster was one of the most popular of the early doctors. My recollection of the Doctor is that he owned one of the first Cadillacs in Evanston. Furthermore it was equipped with the first self-starter which was rather temperamental. Sometimes it worked and sometimes it did not. Dr. Webster and Dr. William A. Phillips officed at 1604 Chicago Avenue, the University Building, at that time the most up-to-date medical building.

The First Lady of Wilmette

IF YOUR house is in a tract of land roughly bounded by Central Street, Evanston; the North Western Railroad; the South line of Kenilworth, and Lake Michigan then you live in the Ouilmette Reservation. Antoine Ouilmette, a thrifty French trader, married a Potawatomi Indian by the name of Archange, which by the way may have been the first North Shore wedding. Antoine was not only thrifty but

shrewd. Having married an Indian woman, he was qualified to represent the whites as well as the Indians in any trading, seeing to it that Antoine was taken care of in the bargain.

He was on hand at Prairie du Chien when by agreement or treaty with the Potawamies, a large tract of land was ceded to the whites. As a part of the agreement, Archange Ouilmette received two sections of land bounded as above comprising 1280 acres or two sections and known to early settlers as the Ouilmette Reservation.

The name Wilmette is the anglicized form of the French name Ouilmette. If you have access to an abstract covering a parcel of ground in Wilmette or the north part of Evanston, you will find a conveyance signed by the heirs of Antoine and Archange Ouilmette. Some of the heirs signed by making "their mark."

One of the provisions of the grant to Archange was that neither Archange nor her heirs could sell said lands without the consent of the President of the United States of America. By petition dated February 22, 1844, we find several of the children of Archange asking the President of the United States to purchase the land at a price of $1.25 per acre. The names of John Kinzie; Congressman John Wentworth; President John Tyler; M. L. Marcy, Secretary of War; President James K. Polk; and U. S. Grant appear in the records.

The south half of the reservation was sold to speculators for $1.50 per acre and the north half was sold in parcels for a larger sum.

Drainage and the Big Ditch

ONE of the problems confronting the young village of Evanston was the matter of draining the swamps and boggy ground between the ridges. West ridge, or our present Ridge Road, was also known as "Dutch" Ridge. East Ridge was our present Ridge Avenue, and an old shoreline, the last stage of the Lake, can be traced by following Chicago Avenue in Evanston to the point where it connects with that meandering street in Chicago known as Clark Street. Chicago Avenue was not very far above the Lake level, but in the dry season afforded a road paralleling the Lake. I have already referred to the lady who resided on Ridge Avenue returning a social call to one of her friends on Chicago Avenue, her conveyance being a wagon. While riding across the swamp it was necessary for her to raise her feet above the floor of the wagon to prevent soiling her shoes.

One of the first attempts at drainage was the construction of a ditch crossing Davis Street a little west of the First National Bank Building and continuing north on the west side of Sherman Avenue to a point where it crossed Orrington Avenue at Simpson Street, thence across the campus emptying into the Lake near the present Observatory building. This ditch across the campus was humorously referred to as "The Rubicon."

As early as 1855 Harvey B. Hurd, Evanston's most public spirited citizen, spearheaded the movement which resulted in the appointment of a "drainage commission" authorized by an act of the legislature. The Commissioners named were: Harvey B. Hurd, George

Speaker is Isham Randolph, Engineer for the District. William C. Levere, Edward L. Kappelman, Rev. Geo. Craig Stewart, and Joseph E. Paden, Mayor, will be recognized by old timers.

W. Huntoon, James B. Colvin, John L. Beveridge, and John H. Foster. As Mr. Foster lived in Chicago and did not wish to serve, A. G. Wilder was named to serve in his place. The Act of the Legislature was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, but not until considerable work had been done in an attempt to drain by ditching following the general course of the present North Shore Channel.

Neighbors on the east and west ridges could communicate by going as far south as Rose Hill. Signals were sometimes exchanged. When a settler on Ridge Road, for example, decided to go to Chicago for supplies or to get the mail which was usually on horseback, a signal was given to the East side whereupon Mr. East side neighbor would mount his horse and proceed as far south as Rose Hill, where the neighbors would meet and arrange their errands so that only one would make the trip to the city.

Chas. T. Bartlett, father of Mayor Charles H. Bartlett, lived for many years at 827 Greenleaf Street. In an interview Mr. Bartlett stated that in the sixties and early seventies commuters would leave as early as 4 o'clock a.m. to be sure of arriving down town at the opening hour of 7 o'clock.

Box Drains 20x24 were installed on Main Street (Lincoln Ave.) from Chicago Avenue to the Lake. This drain was later replaced with brick which extended as far west as Florence Avenue.

Our present Sanitary District was created by Act of the Legislature. The Canal was started in 1892. What is known as the North Shore Channel was started Sept. 24, 1907. First spade of dirt was thrown by Miss Louise Paullin (Mrs. S. G. Ingraham), her father, George W. Paullin, being one of the trustees of the Sanitary District. Col. Robert R. McCormick was President of the Board.

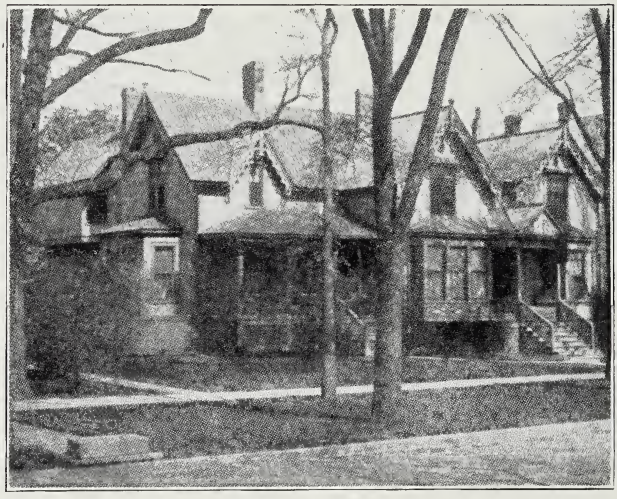
Frances Elizabeth Willard

IF WE accept influence upon the thinking of the peoples of the world as a standard of greatness, then Frances Elizabeth Willard is incontestably Evanston's greatest citizen. "Frank" she was to all her friends. Her father was Josiah and her mother Mary Hill. Josiah was manager of a store in Churchville, New York, where Frances was born the 28th day of September 1839. Josiah and Mary had heard of Oberlin College, Ohio, a coeducational college in the early days of the 19th century. While Frances was still a child the Willard family set out for Oberlin, a five-day journey. A part of the family rode in a carriage. Frances is reported to have said more than once "Mamma, Cissy's dress aches," to which the mother is said to have replied, "Dear child! She already knows it is not her real self that suffers, but this dress of mortality." The mother's reflection gives us some hint of the type of parents Frances had chosen. We will not attempt to record the story of Frances Willard. There are many biographies. The one by Anna Gordon, Frances' personal secretary and successor to the Presidency of

Frances E. Willard

the National Christian Temperance Union gives us a picture of her devoted idol. From Oberlin the family went to a farm overlooking the Rock River and not far from Janesville, Wisconsin. Here Frances spent her time caring for pets which she called "love dolls". On her 16th birthday Frances confides to her journal that mother insists that I must have my "hair done up woman fashion." Frances had been running wild so long that she felt like another Samson, shorn of her strength. We have already hinted at the fact that Frances was a high-spirited girl. Her independence is also exhibited when on her 18th birthday she began reading "Ivanhoe". Father was opposed to story books and novels. She answered father's objection by saying that she was now of age and would hereafter choose her own books.

We now come to Miss Willard's first association with Evanston. The Willard family were Methodists. In Ev-



Rest Cottage
International Shrine
Home of the Willards

anston was the Northwestern Female College, founded in the name of Christian education and presided over by a Professor Jones. Evanston is described as a budding village with plank sidewalks, a country store, a Divinity School on the north (Garrett Biblical Institute), on the Main Street Northwestern University (the University Building was then on the corner of Hinman and Davis Street), and on the south end the Northwestern Female College (the Female College Building being located on Greenwood Boulevard near Chicago

Frances and Mary Willard

Avenue). Josiah with his two daughters, Frances and Mary, after a wagon ride from the farm to Janesville, Wisconsin, came to Chicago by train. They had dinner at the Matteson House, where Frances was overawed by the white coated waiters. After introduction to Professor Jones, Josiah took the two daughters to the Reynolds House for supper. Reynolds House later became the Avenue House and now much to my regret the name was changed to the North Shore Hotel. It was at the Female College that Frances was to meet

and cherish a very dear friend, Mary Bannister, who later became Mrs. Oliver Willard. The Bannisters played a large part in the history of our city. In 1858 the Willard family became permanent residents of Evanston. There is some justification for believing that their first home was at Judson and Church Street later the Deering home. The Willard house was moved from the Judson location to the location on Sherman Avenue in the business district now occupied by the Valencia Theatre. In 1865 or '66 the family built Rest Cottage on Chicago Avenue, now the National Headquarters of the W.C.T.U. Rest Cottage is one of Evanston's shrines and is visited by people from all parts of the world. Across from the Rest Cottage is the Kidder House at 1717 Chicago Avenue. This house was built in 1856 and will soon join the Centenary Group.

Hitting only the high spots in Frances' career, we now take her to Evanston College for Ladies which opened in September 1871 with Miss Willard as President. On October 9, 1871, one month later, one of the most disastrous fires in history visited Chicago, destroying millions of property and making homeless thousands of families. One of the aftermaths of the Chicago fire was the ruining of the financial backing of the College. Northwestern then took over its property and completed the building. President Willard then became Dean Willard of the school. In 1874 Frances resigned her position with the University and became interested in the temperance movement. At the Indianapolis convention of the National W.C.T.U. Frances was made National President. This brought her into contact with Lady Henry Somerset of England, an association that continued through to Miss Willard's death in 1898. We will not attempt to recount the ovations to her by the

peoples of the world except to say that at Exeter Hall, London, Miss Willard and Lady Somerset were the only women who appeared before an audience of 5,000 composed of members of Parliament, London Co. Councillors, Church dignitaries, labor leaders, temperance leaders, delegates from 50 guilds and other societies.

In the popular mind Miss Willard is associated with the temperance movement and the abolition of the saloon by state decree. Important as temperance was to her, she by no means confined her efforts to this narrow field. She played an important part in education for citizenship, physical education and sports, vocational training for girls, equal pay for equal work, minimum wage and the eight-hour day.

At a convention of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, three years before being elected President, she said:

"Ah! it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them. Oh! by the dangers they have dared; by the hours of patient watching over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to heaven; I charge you give them power to protect along life's treacherous highway those whom they have so loved."

Her oft repeated statement "When I reach Heaven, I want to register from Evanston." Late in 1897 she filled a number of engagements. She addressed meetings at Northwestern and Chicago. Thanksgiving Day she joined a party at the James Nortons and another family party at Christmas time. On New Years Day she spoke at Janesville, Wisconsin, and visited her old Forest Home. Frances was now 59. One is not old at 59, but Frances had to confess that she was tired. She did reach New York City, where Manager Quan of the

Hotel Empire placed at her disposal a suite where she settled down with Miss Gordon and a stenographer. Here she spent her time in the routine of correspondence, monthly articles, making dates for conferences and addresses. This continued for a month, but as the hours grew shorter, those associated with her realized that the end might be near. In her exhausted condition, "grippe" made fast work with the victim, and on the 17th day of February Frances Elizabeth Willard passed to her reward. Miss Gordon sent the following message to Katharine Stevenson: "Our precious leader has entered upon the activities that are not succeeded by weariness. The last of her household, she has been welcomed by Christ and his angels to be with her loved ones in Heaven's home. Let us follow her as she followed Christ. God comfort us all."

A special car brought the mortal remains to Willard Hall in the Woman's Temple, 120 South LaSalle Street, Chicago. More than 30,000 men and women passed the casket for a last look at the beloved leader, a private service at Rest Cottage, and then the last service at the First Methodist Church. The procession down the aisle was led by Frank M. Bristol, once her student, now her pastor. The pall bearers were University students from the Senior Class. Miss Willard requested that she be cremated. Miss Anna Gordon is said to have opposed this procedure and so the body was placed in a receiving vault. Later Miss Gordon decided to carry out Miss Willard's request. After cremation, the ashes were deposited in the grave of her mother, Mary Hill Willard.

On the 17th day of February, 1905, a thousand children marched up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Nation's Capitol Building. Under the dome of the Rotunda they stood in reverent admiration before a statue carved in white marble. Unlike the statues around it, it was the

figure of a woman—a woman standing at ease beside a pulpit as if she were preaching. After an address by Miss Anna Gordon, the children passed in front of the statue, and as they passed dropped a flower, till the statue stood knee deep in blossoms. In the Senate Chamber Edward Everett Hale, Governor Deneen of Illinois, Senator Cullom, Senator Hopkins, Senator Dolliver, Senator Beveridge, and from the House, Representatives Foss, Rainey, Graff, Littlefield, and Brooks paid tribute to the greatness of Frances Willard.

Five years later Frances Willard was admitted to the Hall of Fame on University Heights, New York City. Here she is in company with Charlotte Cushman, actress; Harriet Beecher Stowe, author; Maria Mitchell, scientist; Mary Lyon; Emma Willard; and Alice Freeman Palmer, educator. Frances Willard is enrolled as social worker.

First Methodist Church
Originally on Library Grounds
Moved to Sherman Avenue and Church Street

First Methodist Church

WONDER how many pedestrians rushing east or west on Church Street stop to read the message on the tablet on the grounds of the Public Library. The inscription reads:

> *"The First House of worship in Evanston, dedicated July 27, 1856, stood on this site."*
>
> *"For years the most notable gatherings of the people were held in this building. Here just after the Battle of Bull Run, at a war meeting many Evanston men volunteered for service in the Union Army, among them were Julius White, John L. Beveridge, and William Gamble, afterwards generals in the army."*

I remember the dedication very well. It was on a Sunday afternoon, July 27, 1913, fifty-seven years to a day after the dedication of the church in 1856. William C. Levere, President of the Historical Society, was the presiding officer. Prayer was offered by Dr. Amos W. Patten of Garrett Biblical Institute and Northwestern University, and one time pastor of the First Methodist Church. Bishop William Fraser McDowell of the Methodist Church, President of the Board of Trustees of the University gave the principal address. William T. McElveen of the Congregational Church pronounced the benediction. William C. Levere made the presentation, and the acceptance was made by Mayor James R. Smart. Miss Gala Gamble, grandaughter of William Gamble, imbedded the tablet.

A Daily News reporter, whose story appeared on Saturday, July 26, interviewed two old members of the First Methodist Church. Abby L. Brown, widow of An-

drew J. Brown, one of the founders of the University and a large landholder, was first to be interviewed. I remember Mrs. Brown very well. She lived at 1505 Oak Avenue, now the site of Evanston's Municipal Building. She drove to Davis Street with an attendant, her carriage or phaeton drawn by an old white horse. The second to be interviewed was Dr. Henry B. Hemenway, son of Dr. F. D. Hemenway of Garrett Biblical Institute. The doctor's office was in the Rood Building on the second floor and our Real Estate office was on the first floor. I have the impression that the doctor was not bothered with too many patients. He did enjoy, however, writing for medical journals. Both of their interviews are so interesting that I am tempted to quote both in full. Mrs. Brown was then in her 87th year, but she remembered clearly the social spirit which prevailed when Evanston Methodists congregated in the old edifice before the war.

"We came to Evanston in 1845, late in the fall," said Mrs. Brown, "moving out here from the city because Mr. Brown had his business interests here, he being one of the twelve founders of Northwestern University. I did not like the move much, but then like a good wife, I acquiesced. Of course we immediately wanted to take part in the church work of the village, but I was reluctant about entering the old Methodist Church at that time. It was around Christmas time, I remember, and when my husband urged that we attend service, I held back because I thought possibly other members might think we went so that our children might get a present. They were having the usual Christmas time exercises. Well, we went, and sure enough, Dr. Bannister came down the aisle with a little book which had been on the tree for Jessie Brown. Then in a few minutes a present was announced for Robert Brown

and then Carrie Brown. That kind of a spirit of welcome was only a demonstration of the real church life enjoyed in those early times."

"I can remember only a few of the pastors of the old church in the Ante Bellum days. There were Dr. Miner Raymond and Dr. J. M. Dandy and many others. I plainly remember the style of architecture of the old building. It was rectangular in shape and they kept building additions so as to accommodate the large congregation which was increasing every week that person fairly needed a spy glass to see from one end to the other of the structure.

"We had many beautiful characters in the church those days. The much loved Frances Willard with her sister and her mother whom we called "Old Saint Courageous," Edward Eggleston, Lyman J. Gage, and I can't remember them all at this instant. But the religious life was one which meant much to the community. It was a great institution, and I am glad that the Society for the Erection of the Evanston Historical Tablets is going to place a tablet in commemoration of the old structure."

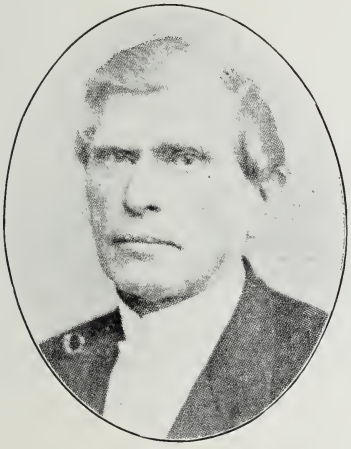
"I can remember," said Dr. Hemenway, "the old church and how it was built in an oblong, box-like shape. Later the structure was rebuilt and transepts were placed, making the building cross shaped. It was in 1871, I believe, that it was sold to the Norwegians, who moved it to the lot directly opposite the present site of the post office at Church Street and Sherman Avenue."

"The entrance of the old church stood about where the reading room of the present free public library is located. The church was enclosed by a fence with gates on the Church street side and also in the rear leading to the grove directly east, there was a hitch

rack made of rails located in this wooded spot; and I can remember vividly seeing the horse and carriage driven by Mrs. Andrew J. Brown hitched there on many occasions.

Plain, old fashioned seats were placed in the church. There were two side and one center aisles, and in the northeast corner in a sort of enclosure was located the old cabinet organ and space for a chair. Over the entrance hall was located a classroom. There was no gallery. Gratings were in place for ventilators in the ceiling.

"Speaking of gratings reminds me of the time that Simon Peter Doughtert, now a dignified member of the Chicago bar, was caught by Squire Bradley and T. C. Hoag, class leader, after he had stepped through the ceiling where he had hidden after he had mischievously dropped some homemade cartoons through the



Bishop Matthew Simpson
Preached often from Pulpit
of First Methodist Church

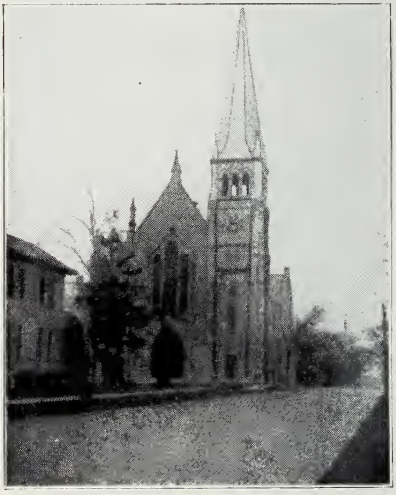
Robert M. Hatfield
Early Pastor of First M.E.
Church and Father of
James Taft Hatfield

ceiling on the heads of the audience. In scampering over the rafters to get to the hole in the loft, Doughthert's foot slipped and he went through the plastering. He was caught as he tried to descend from the loft into the class room.

"Among the early pastors whom I remember were Rev. A. L. Cooper in 1858. I believe that he came here from Vermont, and after finishing in the Theological Seminary, was succeeded by Rev. Charles P. Bragdon, father of Dr. Bragdon and Mrs. William T. Shepherd, now residents of Evanston. Dr. Miner Raymond, a professor in the theological school was pastor in 1866. Rev. John M. Dandy followed Dr. Raymond, and, I think, was pastor until the church was abandoned in 1871."

"We had many notable characters here in Evanston during the life of the old church. There were two bishops, Bishop Simpson, and President Foster of Northwestern, who left that position and was later confirmed a bishop."

Present at the dedication on July 27, 1913 were the following who were present at the dedication July 27, 1856: Charles Beck, Henry A. Pearsons, George Huntoon, and Jacob Franklin.



M.E. Church
at Church and Hinman
Erected 1871

The Lady Elgin

IT WAS the year 1860. Compromises appeared to be at an end. A shooting war seemed inevitable. A tall gaunt man from Illinois had been nominated for the Presidency on the Republican ticket. In Wisconsin Governor Alexander Randall had reason to doubt the loyalty of the Union Guard of Milwaukee. The Governor issued an order disbanding the Union Guard and authorized the Adjutant General to call in the arms in possession of the Guard. Capt. Garret Barry, Militia Commander appealed to his friends and sympathizers to purchase arms for the company. On Sept. 7th the Guard, their wives and children and friends boarded the Lady Elgin at the Milwaukee for a day of sightseeing in Chicago. About 11:30 on the night of Sept. 7 the Lady Elgin left Chicago for the return trip to Milwaukee. The move was made much against the advice of Capt. John Wilson of the Lady Elgin. Storms at that time of the year of Lake Michigan frequently match the fury of the Atlantic and just such a storm was then raging. Sometime between Midnight and 2:00 a.m. the Lady Elgin was rammed by the sailing vessel Augusta, bound for Chicago with a heavy load of lumber. The Lady Elgin, after staying afloat for 30 minutes broke asunder and precipitated the 400 passengers into cold waves of Lake Michigan at a point about 10 miles off Waukegan. One version of the story recites that the ship drifted as far south as Winnetka before it went to the bottom. Approximately 100 persons were rescued through the efforts of Garrett Biblical Institute students and others who rushed to the scene of the disaster. This is the barest outline of what took

place in the early morning hours of September 8, 1860. The story has been written in detail many times. Lloyd Lewis and Delos Avery covered the story for their newspapers. Frank Lester Weekly reported the story of the disaster within two weeks after the tragedy. Dr. Dwight Clark, former President of the Evanston Historical Society, wrote the story for the Illinois State Historical Society in the December issue of 1946. The Historical Society's President, J. Seymour Currey wrote the story for the local papers, the Press and the Index. Mr. Currey spent years interviewing survivors and anyone who could furnish any evidence of the tragedy. The hero of the story is Edward W. Spenser, a Garrett Biblical Institute student. Spenser is credited with the saving of 17 lives, and Charles H. Fowler, also a student in the Institute, is credited with the saving of four lives from the ill-fated vessel. Currey and Dr. D. D. Thompson carried on long negotiations with members of Congress to secure recognization of the work of Spenser and Fowler but without success.

The name of "Lady Elgin" is intriguing. It arouses the curiosity as to its relationship to the English family who brought the Elgin Marbles to the British Museum. Earl of Elgin was the son of Lord Elgin. He was governor of Canada and Lady Elgin was his wife. The Lady Elgin was built in Canada—have we established the relationship?

Herbert Ingraham, member of Parliament and founder of the Illustrated News of London with his 15-year-old son were among the victims. Ingraham's body was recovered and sent to Boston, England, for burial. His son's body was not recovered.

The Milwaukee Journal under date of September 21, 1921, had this to say of the excursionists on the ill-fated vessel.

"The flower of Milwaukee's young manhood and

womanhood went down with the boat. In many of the homes the memory of the black disaster still lives. During the year 1860 not a family attended St. John's Cathedral but were mourners for a lost member.

Until a few years ago the survivors met annually to talk over the tragedy and to pray for their lost companions.

And this year, although there is but one left, and he unable to leave his invalid chair, requiem high mass will be celebrated as it has been every year since 1860 at St. John's Cathedral, Tuesday at 7:00 a.m. in commemoration of those who perished in the wreck."

From the December 16 issue of 1908, Evanston Index we glean the following story: The Rev. Dr. Torrey was conducting an evangelistic meeting in Los Angeles on the subject "Soul winning." He closed his sermon with an account of the rescue of 17 persons from the lake by Edward Spenser. After reciting the details of the story which he said he had related many times, he closed by saying: "Men and women of Los Angeles, we are standing beside a stormy sea—the sea of life. There are wrecks everywhere. Men and women are going down! They are going down! Let you and me plunge in again and again and again until every last ounce of strength is gone, and when at last in sheer exhaustion we sink upon the shore, let us cry in the earnestness of our love for lost souls, Oh, if I could only have saved just one more!" Someone whispered to Dr. Torrey that Edward Spenser was in the audience, whereupon he was escorted to Dr. Torrey's side, and placing his hand upon Spenser, Dr. Torrey prayed that God would make Ed Spenser's last days his best days.

J. C. Hartzell, later Bishop of Africa in the Methodist

Church, was mentioned by some bystanders as one of the Garrett Students who participated in the rescue. J. Seymour Currey says that Bishop Hartzell was not identified with the saving of lives on the Lady Elgin. He did heroic work in a later Marine disaster which occurred in 1864.

On June 3, 1908, the Class of 1898 unveiled a tablet in honor of the student who saved 17 lives. Members of the committee in charge of the unveiling were George H. Tomlinson, C. H. Pendleton, and E. W. Engstrom. The tablet was first placed in the reading room of the Orrington Lunt Library, later moved to the "Patten Gym" and now to the "New Patten Gym."

Edward S. Spenser's own story of the rescue was written under date of May 29, 1908, and is on file at the Evanston Historical Society.

On file at the Historical Society is the account of the wreck by Rev. J. O. Cramb, also a student at the Institute. Cramb was also identified with Spenser in the rescue work.

Various stories were told about the burial place of some of the victims who were not identified. The most credible story appears to be the graves of two who were interred at Highwood about a block south of the Entrance gate to Fort Sheridan. The coroner immediately took possession of the bodies which were eventually taken to the basement of the Court House in Chicago.

Henry W. Work, famous author and composer of Chicago, wrote the words and music to a popular ballad entitled "Lost on the Lady Elgin", the chorus of which ran:

Lost on the Lady Elgin
Sleeping to wake no more
Numbered in the three hundred
Who failed to reach the shore.

Blind Pigs

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY'S charter prohibited the sale of alcoholic liquors within a radius of four miles of the College of Liberal Arts. The College of Liberal Arts was at that time at the corner of Hinman Ave. and Davis Street. Measuring from that corner to Devon Avenue was said not to be four miles as the crow flies. Until the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment there were no saloons north of the north line of Devon Avenue. In other words saloons were located on the south side of Devon Avenue. The provision worked a hardship on those engaged in furnishing liquor to the thirsty multitude. This gave rise to a new institution known as "blind pigs." Friends of the University were always on the alert for sightless swine. One of the first operators in Evanston had his place of business in a small building directly north of Brienews Carriage Works at the corner of Ridge Avenue and the Northwestern Railroad tracks. He defied the authorities and so one dark night a vigilance committee imbued with the spirit of the Tea Party of 1776 raided the place, poured the contents of the schooners into the sewers. The raiding party wore masks so their identity was not discovered. A writer of the time says that the Evil Spirits cast out on this occasion must have entered at once into other swine which instead of rushing into the sea became fruitful and multiplied and replenished the town with a perennial crop of their kind.

Another suspect location was the Abe Hathaway place located on the north side of Grove Street between Chicago Avenue and Hinman Avenue. The last chapter

in the history of the Hathaway Tavern had to do with the mysterious disappearance of a peddler who arrived at the hostelry bearing a large and valuable assortment of merchandise. He was never seen afterward and it was generally believed that he had been murdered and his body buried in a deep well on the premises.

Sadie Burge's Diary

FROM the diary of Miss Sadie Burge, a niece of Orrington Lunt and a graduate of Northwestern Female College, class of 1873. I am quoting some of her impressions of early Evanston. She returned the following year for a visit to her Evanston relatives.

Under date of July 18, 1874, she closes her first installment after arriving in Evanston with this comment:

"It is late so I must not write longer, besides, as the girls used to say at College, it is tub night." Two days later she continues:

"Yesterday it was too hot to do anything but sleep. I think that when we do have a warm day here we feel the heat a great deal more than we do in the South. It is stifling, so oppressive, it seems as if you would suffocate. Now this morning again it is cold, plenty of air stirring, and if it were not for the green leaves, you might think it mid-winter.

"And so my first experience was a fashionable funeral; for as my relatives are wealthy and move in the best society, they, of course, bury their dead

in all their customary pomp and style. The house was filled with the lovliest flowers, all hired from the green house for the express occasion. There was a choir procured to do the singing and carriages to take us all down to the cemetery. It all struck me as being so cold and formal. There seemed to my unsophisticated eyes, no sorrow for the dead and that the family thought more about the way in which things were conducted than of their loss. It reminded me strongly of the descriptions I have read of the funerals of the ancients, where even the mourners had to be hired. I have found out later that I judged harshly and was mistaken about their feelings; anyway, as for myself, when I die, I would prefer to be laid away simply, with only a few friends present and have no fuss or parade made over me.

"I think Evanston one of the loveliest places I ever saw, now that the trees have leafed out and the grass come out: Don't I remember how delighted I was with dandelions, and how they all laughed at me for thinking them beautiful. The residences here all are, nearly, recently built—the greater part of them handsome buildings. The grounds are mostly well kept and the streets are perfectly level; on both sides are nice sidewalks made of plank. I think the nicest thing about the place—at least the most enjoyable to me, is its drives. There are no ups and downs of hills as it is at home, and no matter how much rain, no sticky mud. Aunt Jennie has a nice carriage with two beautiful black ponies and they are at her guests' disposal all time of the day or night.

July 27, 1874

"How many days have passed since I last wrote and how much has happened during that time. We did not come East by the lakes after all. As we had

to come alone, they all thought it best for us to come by rail. I was determined to come part of the way by boat, anyway, so last Thursday morning the 23rd of July, Lillie and I went down to Chicago by boat. I spent the day at Aunt Cornelia's; we had a real nice time down at the depot that afternoon. All of Uncle Orrington's family were there, Uncle Steph, Aunt Jennie and Lillie, Cousin Susie, Katie and Will to say 'Good Bye,' and to wish us God Speed, and gave us many kind invitations to come again. And so ended my visit to Chicago, one of great enjoyment and not without its lessons, I hope!''

The Avenue House

IN ANOTHER story I refer to the Avenue House as the North goal of auto races. The race was not to the swift but to the car which would endure to the end. The Avenue House was built in 1854 by one James B. Colvin, who was at that time postmaster. Colvin also built and operated a general store on Davis Street, corner of Orrington Avenue. It was in this building that the Methodists first worshipped and the first quarterly conference is said to have been held there in 1854. In 1857 Colvin sold his interest to Albert Danks, who operated under the name of The Danks Hotel. Danks was very well known as the composer of a popular song ''Silver Threads Among the Gold,'' which after a half century could be heard every day played by bands and sung by soloists. Within a short time after acquiring the property Danks sold it to George

W. Reynolds, who changed the name to Reynolds House. It was to the Reynolds House that Willard brought his two daughters Mary and Frances on their first trip to Evanston. In 1863 another transfer of ownership was made when Seth A. Mattison asquired it and the name was again changed to the Mattison House.

In 1864 Ezra Adams appears in the picture as manager for Mattison. He sold the property to Dr. Charles H. Quinlan, a pioneer dentist of Chicago. Dr. Quinlan and his brother John D. Quinlan, also a practicing dentist in Chicago were pioneers in the introduction of anasthesia in the practice of their profession. The John D. Quinlan home was at 331 Davis Street, northeast corner of Judson Avenue. Dr. Quinlan changed the name of the Hotel to the Avenue House, a name which it was to keep for 40 years. To the north of the Avenue House was a frame house of some twelve or fourteen rooms which was always referred to as the "Quinlan Cottage." The Quinlan family continued to live there after the death of their parents until the hotel property was sold to William D. Murdock, a real estate operator who at the time of his death was living at 1717 Chicago Avenue, already referred to as the Kidder House, which will soon celebrate its hundredth birthday. To oldtimers the name of Norman Ross appears as lessee in 1898 until the demolition of the building in 1917.

Where They Lived

JULIUS WHITE, one of the three Generals from Evanston in the Civil War, first lived at Chicago Avenue and Davis Street. Later the Whites moved to the northwest corner of Church Street and Ridge Ave., where they entertained Abraham Lincoln. Harvey B. Hard, who rode about Evanston in 1860 with the martyr President was a neighbor of the Whites, one block south, at the corner of Davis Street. A. D. Langworthy lived at the southwest corner of Davis Street and Sherman Avenue, now the home of the First National Bank. Langworthy's name is perpetuated in the name of a subdivision comprising land in the Davis Street block. Oscar Mann, our first Mayor, was a neighbor of Langworthy. He later built the Mann Building on the site of his home. Allen Vane lived down near the Lake, corner of Davis and Forest Place. Mrs. Vane always wrote a verse of Scripture on her letterheads. Lyman J. Gage, President of the First National Bank of Chicago, and Secretary of the Treasury, lived on Chicago Avenue north of the Ludlams. Dr. J. D. Ludlam lived on the site of the Evanston Club. Dr. J. D. Ludlam was the first physician in Evanston, was the first to be buried in Rose Hill Cemetery. Dr. Henry Bannister's home was on Chicago Avenue, north of the Avenue House. To later Evanstonians it housed the Evanston Cafeteria. Dr. Oliver and Mrs. Marcy lived at the Northeast corner of Church and Chicago Avenue. The Marcys are said to have been the first family to own a sidewalk. In that early day, if you moved, you took the sidewalk along with you, as you would your furniture. John A. Pearsons and Mrs. Pearsons built

one of the first houses in Evanston. It is located at 1718 Chicago Avenue. Immediately across the street is the Daniel P. Kidder House. Merrill Ladd, the banker, lived at the southeast corner of Chicago and Church Street. The Bragdon family held forth immediately north of the Marcys. Dr. Bragdon will be remembered as one of Evanston's doctors who never wore an overcoat.

At 1745 Chicago Avenue you might have called on General John A. Beveridge, later Governor of Illinois. This house was also the home of Abram Weingardner Harris, one time President of the University. The Charles Comstocks lived over on the Ridge. It will be remembered that the Comstock home was formerly the domicile of George F. Foster, one time trustee of the University. 1021 Davis Street was the home of Edward Eggleston, best known for the Hoosier Schoolmaster. Evanston Shrine, Rest Cottage, and the home of the Willards is 1730 Chicago Avenue. Miner Raymond, pastor of the First Methodist Church, lived on the site of the Georgian Hotel. Just to the east of the Hotel is a Luther L. Greenleaf House. There are several Greenleaf Houses in Evanston. To the east of the 410 Davis was the home of the Boutells. Boutell served as our Representative in Washington. One of the families to make their home after the Chicago Fire were the Phillips. Son William, a doctor, married Josephine Patterson, daughter of Robert Patterson, first pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago, often referred to as the "Spotted Church."

Fountain Square 70th Anniversary
Dedication of the Fountain

Fountain Square 1876

Fountain Square
Circa 1876

IF YOU were a small boy or girl living in Evanston the morning of July 4, 1876, you would have found your way to Fountain Square as early as nine o'clock. 100 years had passed since the signing of that famous document proclaiming the right of all men to freedom from tyranny. John H. Kedzie was Master of Ceremonies. Edward S. Taylor, eloquent and famous orator of that day delivered the speech of the occasion on the subject "Mystery of Water." This oration in which he eulogized the water from the fountain as the greatest symbol of temperance and sobriety has been carefully preserved with great pride by the Evanston Historical Society. At the celebration of the 70th anniversary of that event in 1946 some of the same small boys were present: Augustine F. Johnson 88, of 592 Ingleside Park, a resident of the suburb since 1868, and its first milk dealer; Harry B. Judson for whose grandfather Judson Ave. was named; Mrs. Mary Stevens, 85, of Winnetka; Edward S. Raymond, 76, of 1704 Hinman Avenue; Jean J. Ridgway, 75, of 916 Crain Street; Robert S. Vandercook, 80; Frederick P. Vose, 76; Selden White, 76; Henry F. Witt, 76; George Olm-

sted, 1036 Judson Avenue; Alexander Moseley; Thomas E. Tallmadge, noted architect.

The address given by George Olmsted on October 16, 1946, is so full of old time color that I quote in full:.

"Fellow Citizens and members of the committee, I greet you!

"Well, well,—well! Here I am again, after more than seventy years. I presume you would like to know where I have been all this time. I will confide in you. I have been right here for nearly seventy-five years.

"That was a great day—July 4, 1876. Flags were flying, fireworks were exploding, and people were milling about the Square. The address was delivered by Honorable E. S. Taylor, and some speech it was. It sparkled even more than the fireworks.

"If you want to get the feel and the atmosphere of that day, I suggest that you go over to the rooms of the Historical Society in the Public Library Building. I am sure the relics and pictures there will give you a good idea of what this village was in that Early day.

"I am reminded of the famous poem written by Oliver Goldsmith, 'The Deserted Village', the first line of which reads: 'Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.' That was Evanston, the difference between Evanston and 'Sweet Auburn,' being that Evanston was not a deserted village. There was a lot of activity around. Don't laugh—I mean just that.

"My father's dry goods store was right over there —on the South side of Davis Street, the door west of Walters and Andersons Tailoring Emporium (aside to Isak Anderson on the stand as the longest-time merchant on the street)—I guess Isak, that ought to

be good for a suit of clothes. Father's store had quite a wide iron doorstep, and I used to get clear over on one edge, and sit there by the hour watching the world go by; and it was some world, peopled by a lot of wonderful and eminent individuals. If you had been sitting with me in those days, I will tell you some of the people you would have seen:

"You would have seen some of the Founding Fathers of the University, who were, of course, also founders of the village.

"You would have seen Orrington Lunt, accompanied quite possibly by his daughter, Cornelia.

"You would have seen Philo Judson, on whose street I have lived for nearly forty years.

"You would have seen John A. Pearsons and father of our former Mayor, Harry Pearsons, who is sitting beside me now.

"You would have seen Andrew J. Brown. The home occupied the whole block—Maple to Oak, and Grove to Lake—where the City Hall now stands.

"You would have seen some of the famous professors of the University—Doctors Bonbright, Fisk, Marcy and others; also President of the University —Dr. Cummings.

"You would have seen those Union Generals, returned from the battlefields of the Civil War—General William Gamble, General Julius White, and General John L. Beveridge, the latter becoming Lieutenant Governor of the State of Illinois.

"You would have seen members of the Deering family, of Harvester fame, coming up the street from their home, at Davis Street and Judson Avenue.

"You would have seen Frances Willard, the great

teacher and humanitarian of whose Sunday School class I was a member for over a year. I am a Congregationalist, but one of the Methodist boys, one November, suggested that I join Miss Willard's class because she gave such wonderful Christmas presents. When my father heard of the plan, he demurred strenuously to my mother. My mother's answer was this: "Don't worry, Hub (she always called him Hub) George may have started on that account, but I shall trust Frances to hold him a long time after Christmas," and that is just what happened.

"If you had been with me in 1883, you would have seen those two beautiful girls that were summer guests of Miss Willard, her niece, Katherine Willard, and her classmate, Miss Frances Folsom of the seminary at Troy, New York. Miss Folsom, in two years, was married in the White House, to our twenty-second President, Grover Cleveland.

"You would probably have seen Mrs. James S. Kirk coming down Davis Street from her South Ridge home, which property is now occupied by the St. Francis Hospital. I remember one incident about her trading at father's store. I had the temerity, one day, to ask her what in the world she did with so many pearl buttons. Three or four times a year she would buy ten or a dozen of those large cards of such buttons. Her answer was: 'Sonny, I have a lot of big, strapping boys, and it keeps me busy sewing buttons on their shirts.'

"Not very much real money passed between the business people on Davis Street. Most of the trading was done by so-called 'contra accounts.' we would buy from the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, from Schwalls Livery or Magnuson's Laundry, and the housewives would come to our store

and trade their credit out. Unlike this day and age, we got along quite well without money.

"You would probably like to know just who were occupying the corners on this square in 1876. Well, over there on the Chandler corner was Simpson's Meat Market. Where the First National Bank stands was Haskins Dry Goods Store—my father's competitor, and a fine man he was. On the State Bank corner was Garwood's Drug Store; and where the City Hall now stands, there was a vacant lot, depressed four or five feet, just west of which was Hobbs Paint and Decorating Store, and beyond that Muno's Bakery.

"Just south of the Square, in that triangular space was what we called the 'Hay and Wood Market.' The wagons, or often in case of fire wood, the bobsleds would come in from west of Skokie swamp.

"You people who live in Skokie (and my daughter did for some time) can hardly believe that that whole area was a swamp which was not drained for a good many years. Some of the people lived there, however, in homes on stilts; and in the spring of the year, when the area was covered with water, you could see the Evanston workmen coming in from those homes in boats, mooring them about where Dodge Avenue is now.

"I repeat—we had a wonderful village, and the generations since have been carrying on; and (I) adjure you to keep up the good work, and see to it that this city never loses its reputation as the finest, most attractive residential town in these United States."

William Sinclair Lord

WILLIAM S. LORD, founder of the department store which bears his name, was born in Sycamore, Illinois. When a boy of nine he lost his father. After attending public schools, he began his mercantile career as a clerk in Haskins Store, which was located at the Southwest corner of Davis St. and Sherman Avenue. Subsequently he purchased the Haskins Store and eventually moved to the Rood Building, 701-703 Davis Street, where he operated under the name of Lord's Enterprise. In 1914 he sold the store to A. H. Ullrich, one time jeweler on Davis Street. The deal involving considerable money was closed by exchange of cablegrams. Aside from his business enterprises he wrote and published several volumes of "Verses". Copies of these books of verse are on file in the library of Evanston authors, Evanston Historical Society. "Beads of Morning" published 1888. "Blue and Gold" appeared in 1895; "Jingle and Jangle" in 1898 and the "Rock-a-bye Book" in 1905.

Among the verses is one called "Santa" which is quoted in full.

You wonder how Santa keeps his youth
So rosy and round and gay
No trace on his forehead of time's rude tooth,
Though long have his locks been gray.

His teeth are as many, as sound and white
As he showed in '73
His eyes are as bright and as clear of sight
As ever they used to be.

O'er nose and o'er cheeks does the rich red creep
And hid in his long white beard
Are dimples so deep, should ever he weep
They'd turn into horns, I'm feard.

His hands are as kind and as strong and deft
As ever, to give and make,
And what the right does is unknown to the left
He gives out for goodness sake.

Why many and many a year ago
When grandpa and Grant were boys
That stout little figure they used to know
With his burden of Christmas joys!

And Santa Claus' secrets for youthful age
I'll tell you in one word—"Give,"
It runs through his records on every page
To give is to truly live.

Curb Service and the Sundae

CURB SERVICE is not new. For over 70 years there has been a Drug Store at the corner of Davis Street and Orrington Avenue. During the eighties the drug store was run by William C. (Deacon) Garwood. On the corner was a big shade tree. Garwood conceived the idea of placing an electric signal bell in reach of the drivers carriages. One could drive up to the drug store and ring the bell. A clerk would respond, take your order, and you could enjoy your ice cream

or soda water under the shade of the tree. Garwood is said to have introduced the ice cream soda to Evanstonians, and he made money by selling it for 5c a glass. Garwood paid sixty-five dollars per month for the store. It now rents for more than sixty-five dollars per day.

Old timer Barry Gilbert wrote the Saunterer under the date April 21, '55, as follows: "I was introduced to the sundae by Charles (Mike) Howe at the Williams Drug Store, September eighth, 1894."

To which the Saunterer replied: "Hazy Fable put the birth of the Sundae at Garwoods in the '80's. It could have been at Williams (Newton P. Williams). The 1886 directory lists both stores—Garwoods at Davis Street and Orrington Avenue; Williams at 414 Davis Street (old numbering) second door east of the Post Office.

William Lyon Phelps in his famous autobiography has this to say of the origin of the Sundae:

"Crossing the ocean in the steamer Bremen in 1935, the German head steward asked me the origin of the word 'sundae.' I could not give him any accurate information, but when I made a comment on this in Scribners Magazine, I got letters from every section of America. One of the most interesting is from the distinguished owner, publisher, and editor of the Tulsa Tribune in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Mr. Richard Lloyd Jones. Mr. Jones' letter follows:

> 'Words are full of romance. I too enjoy the history of words, so was I attracted to your references in October Scribner's to the delectable "sundae." Perhaps the dictionary makers did not know what I think I know about the origin of that term. And perhaps I do not know the truth.
>
> 'I grew up as a Chicago kid who did the things that most city boys do. I chased the fire engines all over Chicago and early was as much patron of the soda

fountains as my parents would permit. I remember when the sundae first appeared over the marble fountain counter and I remember the soda jerkers of that time relating the story of the origin which was something like this:

'Evanston, Chicago's godly neighbor, Heavenston as the good Frances Willard used to call it, was in those days at least rather Methodist minded. The piety of the town resented the dissipating influences of the soda fountain on Sunday and the good town fathers, yielding to this churchly influence, passed an ordinance prohibiting the retailing of ice cream sodas on Sunday.

'Some ingenious confection and drugstore operators in "Heavenston" obeying the law, served ice cream with syrup of your choice without the soda, thereby complying with the law. They did not serve ice cream sodas. They served sodas without soda on Sunday. This sodaless soda was a Sunday soda. It proved palatable and popular, and orders for Sundays began to cross the counters on Mondays.

'Objection then was made to christening a dish after the Sabbath. So the spelling of "Sunday" was changed. It became an established dish and an established word, and finally the Heavenston "sundae" appeared in Congregational Connecticut.

'I do not vouch for this as being totally accurate history of the word which was common gossip in my boyhood at the time "Sunday" appeared at the soda fountains which I patronized.

'If this story may not be known to you, I just thought it might interest you. So with my warmest personal greetings, as always, I drop it in the mail chute for you.' "

The Rubicon

THE Rubicon was a boundary between the province of Cisalpine Gaul and Roman Italy, and there was a law that no general returning from foreign wars could cross it under arms. No such restriction was placed upon the Evanston Rubicon, also referred to as Hazards Glen, neither was it immortalized in the River Series. It flowed across the campus and emptied into the Lake at about the location of the Observatory. It may have drained the territory as far south as Sherman Avenue and Davis Street. One early picture shows an open ditch on the west side of Sherman Avenue.

Fraternities made frequent use of the Rubicon for their secret rites. The neophyte, blindfolded, was told to find his way through the morass. If he succeeded, he was qualified to proceed further into the mysteries of Eta Heapa Pie.

From the Review of August 17, 1939, I quote the following. The writer, by some purists, would be accused of fine writing:

"Years ago, flowing across, what is now the good green sod and close napped green carpets of Northwestern's Campus, was the Rubicon. Beside its banks lovers strolled—she followed by the billowing bustle and the whisper of many petticoats, while he carried that fence of celluloid collar asked by the mores of the era, with stiff-necked gentlemanliness.

"Like a languid serpent the Rubicon twined its way between what was then Heck and Dempster Hall, its tired body nudged through the cress of the banks in quiet hurry to blend with Michigan's waters. Its banks

knew the feel of a full moon and the whisper of wind in the elms and the husky sound of young love's first 'I love you.' Its waters sobered the careless drunk, carried away torn love letters, and shivered with the sound of 'Go You Northwestern.'

"A twenty-foot wooden bridge helped the traffic of Sheridan Road across its back, and where are now the petted soil and flowers of Shakespeare Garden, Mrs. Dennison's ducks once paddled beneath the half-shade of watery willows and shredded the atmosphere with their quacking, while the Rubicon water, in tepid soiled hurry found its mouth a hundred yards beyond.

"The old Dearborn Observatory now being moved to the new site to make room for the Technology Institute, was first built north of the banks of the Rubicon around 1887. According to James Taft Hatfield and other antiquarians, the new foundation is being built exactly on the bed of the old stream. Test borings revealed remains of the historic water course and builders hailed the site as an ideal site for the University's star gazing equipment.

"Soil and stone have conquered the Rubicon, but the waters still flow sweetly in memory. The pensive senior in saddest dream never could vision the bed of the Rubicon holding part of a Shakespeare Garden and an Observatory. The Song of the Rubicon was taken from 'Songs of Northwestern University,' the oldest song book including Northwestern songs at the University Library. It was the gift to the University from Reverend F. M. Warrington."

THE SONG OF THE RUBICON

Flow on, foul river, to the Lake
Thy tribute wave deliver
No more by thee my steps I'll take
Forever and forever.

But here will sigh the basswood tree
And here the billows shiver
And here in thee the ducks will sport
Forever and forever.

A thousand suns shall shine on thee
And moonbeams long shall quiver
But not by thee my steps shall be
Forever and forever.

And Mrs. Dennison long may
Thy fowls live near the river
Still undisturbed from Dempster Hall
Forever and forever.

Historical Society's Birthday Party

ONE of the great birthday parties in our history was held on the night of November 21, 1928. It was in celebration of the 30th anniversary of the Evanston Historical Society. Long before the night it was evident that the party was to be a great success. So great was the demand for tickets that all could not be accommodated in the Ball Room of the North Shore Hotel. Charles G. Dawes, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Patten, Miss Cornelia Lunt, Evanston's First Lady, Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Scott, and Mayor Charles H. Bartlett were guests of honor. Master of Ceremony was William J. Hamilton, President of the Society. Vice President Dawes asked for a show of hands of those who had been residents of Evanston for sixty years or

Evanston Historical Society Party—30th Anniversary

BOTTOM ROW, Left to Right; Mrs. James F. Oates, Miss Estelle Ward, Miss Cornelia Lunt, Mrs. Merritt J. Morehouse, Mrs. Robert L. Scott, Miss Abbie Tallmadge, Mrs. William T. Hall. SECOND ROW; Miss Laura Gamble, Mrs. Francis W. Parker, Mrs. John E. Blunt, Mrs. Edward P. Welles, Mrs. William J. Hamilton, Mrs. Hugh Scott, Miss Elizabeth Hilton, Mrs. Charles B. Page, Mrs. Edward R. Branson, Miss Pearl Gridley. THIRD ROW; Mrs. Alex W. Moseley, Mrs. George Whitfield, Miss Nannie Hines, Mrs. Watts, Miss Rebecca Shepherd, Mrs. Francis E. Baldwin, Mrs. Harry Eugene Kelly, Miss Celia Sargent, Mrs. Warren Williams, Miss Elizabeth Whiteley. TOP; Mrs. Frank Richardson, Mrs. Howard G. Grey, Mrs. John H. Hilton, Mrs. Martin M. Gridley.

more. Those who responded were: Fred French, Mrs. Edward Carpenter, Miss Josephine Carpenter, Mrs. Fred Belknap, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gray, Mrs. Walter Lee Brown, Bartow A. Ulrich, and Chester Grover. Next came the fifty years olds, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Martin M. Gridley, Miss Anna Rees, Fred Smith, Mrs. Towner Webster, Miss Celia Sargent, Miss Nanny M. Hines, W. T. Shepherd, Mrs. Charles W. Northup, J. C. Northup, C. T. Bartlett, Harold Currey, and Charles E. Ware.

An item on the program in the lighter vein was a meeting of the Village Council wherein members of the Society impersonated the members of the Council in 1872. The pressing problem before the meeting of the Council was what should be done about cows on Davis Street. While there was an ordinance on the books prohibiting cows running at large, residents complained of cattle overruning lawns to the destruction of gardens and valuable shrubbery. It was suggested that some enterprising young man might create a job for himself and perform a public service by driving the cows to a pasture on the outskirts of town and again in the evening returning them to their owners at night. It was brought out that some of the cows were expert enough to open gates with their horns. It was submitted that the cowboy business would pay if properly managed and relieved the citizens of a great nuisance. Regarding cow nuisance, the Index had this to say—"about two weeks ago the trustees of the village, in response to urgent appeals of residents on Church Street and Wesley Avenue passed an ordinance compelling owners of cows to have them led through the streets by a proper attendant. There are still many cows driven loosely through the streets, and if a lawn escapes injury it is by mere luck. So far as the drivers

are concerned, they are small boys who pay more attention to playing as they go, than herding their cattle. For some years Church Street has been used as a "cow run" to the pastures on the prairie on the west of the village. The residents of the street west of Oak Avenue who have bought property and erected handsome homes naturally desire to keep their lawns in good shape.

"The career of Mary Todd Lincoln, as revealed by her love of finery, was cleverly told in a series of tableaux skillfully staged by a group of students from the recreation and community leadership department of Northwestern University under the direction of Miss Charlotte Corpening, dramatic instructor. One of Mrs. Lincoln's own dresses, a lovely figured brown voile creation, and a fascinating block quilt made from pieces of dresses that she wore as Mistress of the White House, were used as tableaux".*

The Historical Society is the proud possessor of a picture of some of the ladies in costume as they appeared at the party.

Jennie Foster

IF YOU measure greatness as the influence you have with the growing generation, then Miss Foster deserves a place among the great. She was a teacher in the Central School, Main Street, from 1879 to 1925.

On the night of November 22, 1929, the Parent

*News Index, November 1928

Teachers Association decided to honor Miss Foster with the installation of a memorial plaque and the dedication of the library, to be known as the Jennie Foster Library. Charles H. Bartlett, Mayor of Evanston and one of the former pupils of Miss Foster, made the presentation speech, and Professor F. W. Nichols, Superintendent of Schools, acknowledged the acceptance. Five hundred and ninety-five former pupils and friends of Miss Foster came. Five hundred and ninety-five represented the capacity of the room. Skits from the works of Evanston authors were acted by the various grades. The prominence of the authors justifies recording them. The first grade presented "Songs of the Child World" by Alice C. D. Riley. Grade II gave the "Rhyming Ring" by Louise Ayars Garnett. The third grade presented "The Twins" by Lucy Fitch Perkins, while the fourth grade gave "Slow Smoke" by Lew Sarett. "South Evanston Forty Years Ago" by Viola Crouch Reeling, was given by the fifth grade. Miss Foster was the first to give the alarm of fire March 24, 1894.

Frederick E. French

FREDERICK E. FRENCH, one of the many French's, wrote a story which he called "Old Evanston and Fifty Years After." When I first met Fred French he was credit man for that famous old Chicago House, John V. Farwell and Co. French's story is so full of old time color that I am quoting excerpts from his reminiscences.

"As I look back to those early days, one of the first things I remember is my donkey. The history of this little animal really goes back to the time we were still living in Milwaukee in the house where I was born on the site of the present Milwaukee Post Office. The donkey was one of two brought to the city about the end of the Civil War. The owner sold one of them to a theatrical company for use in the play 'Humpty Dumpty' then circulating the principal cities of the United States. My father bought the other one."

"When we moved to Evanston two years later we brought the little animal with us. I mention this incident for the reason that this family pet gave much pleasure to every child in our little hamlet, from 1867 to 1872. It was as a matter of fact, the only donkey in Cook County.

"During the Epizootic epidemic in 1872 this noble beast was the only well animal in Evanston; and so, with a little four-wheeled, two-seated wagon I hauled all the trunks of Evanstonians and their guests to and from the North Western trains. At that time the station master was Mr. William P. Turner. If it had not been for his wonderful loyalty and assistance to me at the station end, and the cheerful assistance of the owner of the baggage at the other end, the transfer could not have been made. For this unusual service I charged $1.00 for each trunk.

"The enterprize was short-lived, however. This gentle beast with its homely ears and shaggy coat shortly fell a victim of the disease which history shows was the same as that which smote 'the horses, the asses, the camel, the oxen and the sheep' of Egypt in the days of Moses.

"This wonderful little animal was laid away in a piano box with a pillow placed under its head. When the grave was dug in the alley between Hinman and

Chicago Avenue, one hundred feet north of Greenwood Boulevard, every child in the neighborhood was present. The bones of this Evanston children's pet have never been removed."

"In those days I always drove on the sidewalk, when there was one, and followed the old custom of speaking to everybody. Today if I did either, I should be promptly arrested."

"In those days there was very little gossip in our little village. When a new baby came, however, the town began to talk. Did it have the average weight, seven and one-half pounds? What was the color of its hair and eyes? Was it red like most babies? How was the mother getting along? Then the conversation would drift to the baby clothes, baby wagons, etc. The first time I saw a baby I was five years old. It belonged to a family which then lived on Hinman Avenue. The house situated in the center of a large lot, was most commodius, yet as each baby arrived another addition would be added, until finally there were seven additions. Everybody in Evanston envied this large and interesting Bradley family."

"The situation in the Webster family was somewhat like this. When the last baby arrived, it became necessary for the oldest son Ed (then a young medical student) to give up his room to his new baby sister. A room over the woodshed west of the house was quickly lathed and plastered. To this room the young medical student moved his collection of skeletons, specimens and medical books."

"There were hardships in those early days. Every old timer remembers them: how every good housekeeper cleaned and filled every day the greasy kerosene lamps with blackened chimneys; how the woodboxes in the kitchen and living room had to be filled; how hard it was to sweep the floors with a broom;

how the pumps had to be carefully wrapped during freezing weather; how if a pump did freeze up it was necessary to spend much time pouring hot water in the top and at the same time work the pump handle to make the water start; how during the extremely cold weather free-stone or bricks had to be heated and placed in the beds of unheated bedrooms; how the water had to be heated for the Saturday night baths taken in foot tubs by every member of the family; how the baby would have to be taken out in its carriage over rough walks; how the horse would have to be fed, cleaned and exercised, the vehicles washed and greased, the cow milked and the chickens fed; how the horse and buggy, if used for an evening's entertainment, had to be put up by the light of a lantern; how groceries, fruits and vegetables were usually purchased by the dozens or bushels; how one bought and liked the only kind of cheese then procurable—the old fashioned rat trap cheese received by the grocer in one big piece and displayed by him under glass."

"History tells that prior to 1872 the vaults of every important bank were built sufficiently large to contain a watch dog. Following the three terrible days of the Chicago Fire, the vault of the Fidelity Trust and Savings Bank was opened. To the great surprise of the bank officials the noble watch dog was alive, with only its claws scorched. Feeling that this enforced imprisonment should be adequately recognized, the bank had a facsimile of the faithful animal made out of stone and placed over the entrance of the rebuilt bank. It was removed only two years ago when this historic bank building was torn down to make room for the New Randolph Street addition to the Sherman House."

"The President of this bank in 1871 was A. C. Reed, the father of one of our present oldest citizens, Mrs. E. F. Carpenter."

Evanston's First Movie

EVANSTON'S first movie house was a hole in the wall in the 800 block on Davis Street. The proprietors were Bodkin and Keane. A part of the evening's entertainment would be a burlesque skit. Keane told me that when they first began operations, the picture, light, rent and other charges were paid at the end of the week and the remaining cash in the box was divided equally between the two partners. As the business prospered, a real movie house was conceived by the promoters. The 70 feet upon which a part of the First National Bank has been erected had just been acquired by A. H. Ullrich, jeweler, and subsequently owner of Lord's Department Store. A ground lease was aquired by Bodkin and Keane, and soon after the Star Theatre came into existence. One of the problems confronting the lessees was an eight-year lease on one of the stores held by one Szymanski. A cancellation of his lease was secured by giving Szymanski an interest in the theatre.

Looking Backward

IN THE Evanston Index May 1, 1897 Frank Grover wrote "Now the spring elections are out of the way, our local statesmen taking a rest, and the public mind ready to seek new channels, I ask the question,

Is it not high time we had an Evanston Historical Society?

"This society was chartered in November 1899, with Harvey B. Hurd as President, and now after 39 years of collecting and guarding relics and records of Evanston life through the years, the Evanston Historical Society lodged in the Public Library lower floor is well worth a frequent pilgrimage.

"There are echoes of the frontier town north of Chicago which supplied much of the fuel wood to the city. The old fort pike, Green Bay Road led up to Green Bay, Wisconsin; on the edge of Indian territory where the soldiers retired after the war of 1812. The Black Hawk War ended in 1832. The Indian burial ground was where Sheridan Place now is. Each Indian corpse was hung on a scaffold with his gun, dog, and tomahawk. The last burial there was in 1835.

"In 1849 the white men all left their weeping wives and sweethearts to follow the California gold trail. They went on horseback, accompanied by their wagons. Two years later, they all straggled back, to a man, some by the way of the Isthmus, but they were poorer than when they started.

"An insurpassable swamp which extended between the two glacial ridges in Evanston was cut by corduroy roads from Orrington Avenue to Ridge Avenue and along Main Street. In 1837 George Dye high hatted the neighboring log cabins by building the first frame house, half a mile north of the St. Francis Hospital site. The old Snyder farm house, another early landmark, was at the corner of Ridge Avenue and Grove Street. This was at one time suspected of being the seat of a counterfeit ring.

"The Buckeye Tavern was built in 1848 at 2241 Ridge Avenue just north of Noyes Street. It served as

the Post Office in 1849, and there classes were held when Northwestern Female Seminary burned. The building is still standing. It has now been moved around the corner to 1204 Noyes Street, and is inhabited today by the Parsons family.

"The Kidder home at 1717 Chicago Avenue across from Woman's Club was built in 1856 and has incidently always been inhabited by a doctor. The Pearson's home, just north of the Club, was originally built in 1854. This property the Club plans to buy for an addition.

"Evanston history is short, but already it is precious. The enthusiasm of the Historical Society fathers caused them to have the architect Oscar Bluemer sketch plans for a beautiful stone structure to house the records. Permanent housing for these treasures should be provided.

"In 1928, when the late William J. Hamilton presided, the Historical Society announced a dinner at the North Shore Hotel; 75 guests were expected and 300 came. The topic for discussion was: 'The Pressuring Problem of Preventing Cows on Davis Street.'"

Van Doozer and Potter

Van Doozer and Potter

PAUL and Barnabas, Damon and Pythias, Van Doozer and Potter, are names associated in the public mind. Walter Paulison writing for the Northwestern Program had this to say of the famous Halfbacks of the Nineties:

"Whenever old timers gather to discuss the early days of Northwestern football and to reminisce about Purple gridiron heroes of the past, the names of Van Doozer and Potter are invariably linked together.

"Van Doozer and Potter! Down through the years these two names have come to symbolize a period of past glories. For many years after this pair had performed their mighty feats, sports writers would refer to Northwestern players as 'he's the greatest since Van Doozer and Potter,' or 'they couldn't carry Van Doozer's and Potter's headgears.'

"Such was the fame of these two players whose deeds have become almost legendary. Yet they were real flesh and blood heroes and it remained for the late Walter Eckersall, famed All-American quarterback at the University of Chicago, to single out Jesse Van Doozer as 'the greatest Northwestern player of all time.'

"The story of this pair begins in 1892 when Van Doozer reported for the football team along with such other freshmen (the one year rule had not been adopted) as Walter Dill Scott, Alvin H. Culver and others. Scott later became president of the university and Culver served as football coach and a member of the athletic board for many years.

"During the '92 season Van Doozer and Culver were the regular tackles and played stellar roles in the first games ever played with Illinois and Michigan. The former ended in a 16 to 16 tie and the latter, 10 to 8, in Northwestern's favor.

"In '94 Van Doozer dropped out of school to play with the Chicago Athletic association team, one of the ranking elevens in the country. Culver, who had graduated, was also a member of the club team. Jesse was switched to halfback where his 200 pound frame made him one of the hardest charging backs in the west.

"In '95, Van Doozer returned to school and Culver, then enrolled in the law school, was appointed coach. Among the freshmen was a rugged halfback by the name of Albert Potter who had played two years at Baker college in Kansas. Thus began the association of Van Doozer and Potter, the greatest halfback combination in midwest football.

"Van Doozer was elected captain but was not permitted to play in the first two games against Wisconsin and Iowa because of a technicality over his membership in the University's Life Saving crew. As a consequence both games were lost.

"He was finally restored to good standing and celebrated by scoring four touchdowns in a 34 to 6 rout of Beloit. He and Potter scored eight touchdowns between them in the Armour Tech game which was followed by the big game with Chicago.

"Chicago, then the reigning team in the conference, was heavy favorite over the Purple, but 500 Northwestern hopefuls accompanied the team to Marshall Field. They witnessed one of the most stunning upsets in football history, as an underdog Purple eleven, led by its two smashing, slashing halfbacks, rolled up a 22 to 6 victory over Stagg's team. Potter's open field running accounted for three touchdowns. Van Doozer added another and also kicked three goals after touchdown.

"Van Doozer was reelected captain the following season and Potter was again his running mate at the halfback positions. Despite the outcome of the previous year's game with Chicago, Northwestern was again hardly figured a match for the more powerful and experienced Maroons. Surely, said the experts, the '95 game was a fluke, it couldn't happen again.

"But happen it did, and even more decisively than the previous year as Northwestern rolled up a 46 to 6 victory that left the football world flabbergasted and singing the praises of Van Doozer and Potter who were again the key figures in Northwestern's triumph.

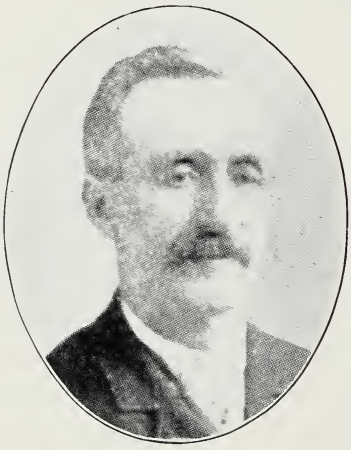
"Van Doozer scored five touchdowns and kicked four goals after touchdown while Potter contributed two touchdowns. Northwestern met Wisconsin for the conference championship, but lost, 6 to 0, in a driving rain. the Cardinals scored in the final seconds when a pass from center sailed over Chet Sloan's head and Richards of Wisconsin recovered back of the goal line for the only score of the game.

"In summing up the '96 season, Casper Whitney, the Grantland Rice of his day, wrote: 'Van Doozer of Northwestern is undoubtedly the best halfback in the west and his record places him close to the most brilliant players in the East.' Quite a concession in a day when most of the experts seldom went out of the

select circle of Yale, Harvard and Princeton to single out any players.

"The '96 season wound up the college careers of both Van Doozer and Potter as the rule limiting players to four years of competition was passed by the conference. Van Doozer served as coach of the team in '97. He died September 20, 1929. Potter was graduated from the dental school, set up in practice in Oklahoma City, where he now lives, having retired in 1939."

About Davis Street and a Doctor Davis



Dr. O. H. Mann
First Mayor of Evanston

YOU may have wondered the first time you came to Evanston why there is a Main Street on the south, a Central Street on the north and Davis Street, the principal business street, approximately halfway between. The answer is a very eminent physician, Dr. Nathan Smith Davis, who was elected to the Board of Trustees of the University to take the place of a Mr. Reynolds resigned. Streets in early Evanston were named for promoters of the University. Hinman Avenue was named for Clark Hinman, first President of the University. Judson Avenue was named for Philo Judson,

Business Manager of the new University. Doctor Davis lived in Evanston for twenty years, the home being at the southeast corner of Church Street and Hinman Avenue, subsequently home of Dr. Parker. Dr. Davis acquired so many honors that a recitation

Railway Station Davis Street

of them would constitute a story in itself. He was one of the founders of the American Medical Society. In 1849 during the cholera epidemic he started a movement for better sanitation in Chicago. He gave a course of lectures which formed the nucleus for Mercy Hospital. He was one of the founders of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. He was also instrumental in forming the Illinois Microscoptical Society. Not related to medicine, he helped the Union College of Law. He never used tobacco or liquor which may account for his interest in the Washingtonian Home for Inebriates. Dr. and Mrs. Davis first lived at Michigan Avenue and South Water Street. Later they moved to State Street and Washington Street on the site of the Marshall Field Store.

The Doctor always wore a "claw hammer" coat. It is said that he never had them pressed or cleaned. He wore them until they were threadbare. Change was

made by Mrs. Davis, who is said to have substituted a new suit during his sleeping hours.

Dr. Frank Billings had this to say of Dr. Davis: "Dr. Davis was one of the greatest physicians of the country and probably did more to improve the standard of medical education in the West than any other one man."

Shortly after his 84th birthday, the Doctor was given a testimoinal dinner by three hundred of Chicago's leading citizens. At that time the Doctor said: "I am a doctor because I wanted to help the sick, and that has been my aim through life. This is probably the last time I shall address you. I realize that I am near my end and I have endeavored to live so that any day, any moment I could render my accounting to God."

In passing we may mention a few of Evanston's Great who lived on Davis Street. Near the Lake on the South side of the street was the imposing residence of Hugh R. Wilson; across the street was the home of Allen Vane; Doctor John D. Quinlan, one of Chicago's first dentists, lived at the northeast corner of Judson Avenue. Diagonally across the street was the home of Congressman Boutell; Dr. Miner Raymond lived on the present site of the Georgian Hotel. In the 800 block was the home of Oscar H. Mann, Evanston's first Mayor.

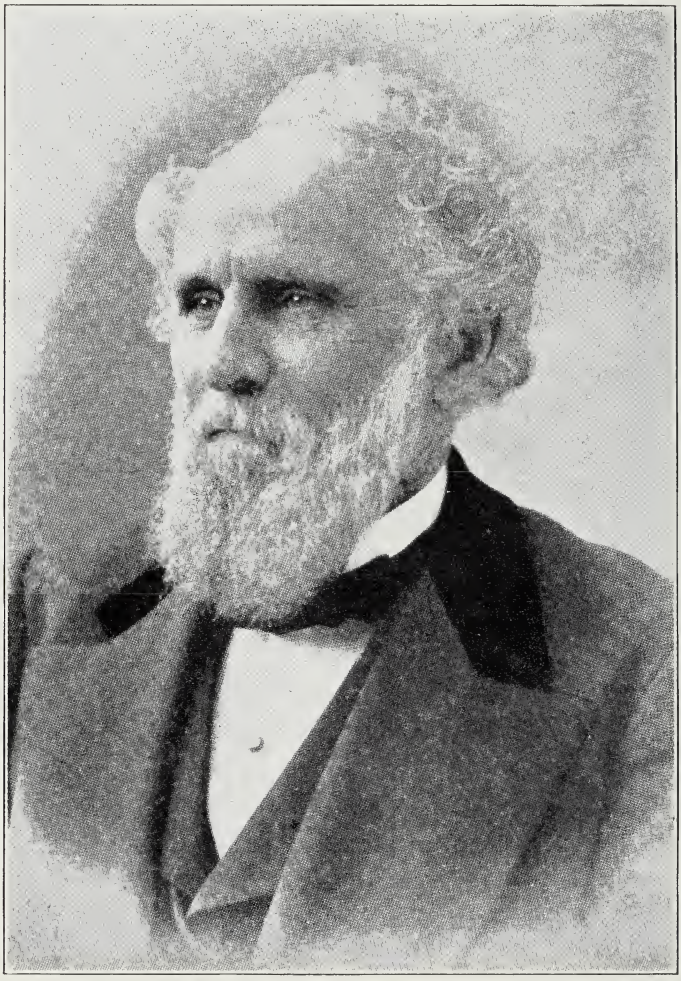
Early maps of our city indicate that the part of the street west of Sherman Avenue was known as College Avenue or College Street.

Cornelia Gray Lunt

Miss Cornelia Gray Lunt
"First Lady" of Evanston

MISS LUNT was often referred to as the "First Lady of Evanston." This was never challenged during her lifetime. Despite her fourscore years and ten, she was the youngest lady in Evanston. So far as I know this statement also was never challenged. At the age of 86 Miss Lunt, with her companion Miss Rachel McFerran, sailed on board the Empress of Britain for England, where she spent a month visiting her many friends in London.

The family home was at 1742 Judson Avenue, now home of the modern synagogue, The Evanston Congregation Hillel. While she was the daughter of Orrington Lunt, one of the founders of Northwestern University and of Evanston, her fame did not rest on this



Orrington Lunt
Founder of Evanston

count alone. She aided the establishment of the University Guild, serving as the first President from 1892 to 1895. She also had a hand in the establishing of the Fort Dearborn Chapter of the D.A.R. The first meeting was at her home on June 6, 1894. She served as the first Regent, later honored with the perpetual honorary regency. She served on the Board of Trustees of the University for a period of fifty years. Her father, Orrington Lunt, was a friend of Abraham Lincoln. She, with her father were frequent guests at the White House. It is said that on a pass issued by the President she was able to visit the Army of the Potomac just before its advance on Richmond.

The last Chicago home of the Lunts was on Michigan Avenue, now the site of Orchestra Hall. After the fire of '71 many Chicago families came to Evanston. It was at this time that Mr. Lunt purchased "Anchorfast," 1742 Judson Avenue, the house having been built by Bishop Hamline of the Methodist Church.

An oft quoted statement of Miss Lunt reflects her philosophy:

"I love life and I want the river of life to flow always through my home and my heart." On another occasion she uttered the thoughts of a Pioneer, "Life is a falling down and getting up again. One should run. If one cannot run, walk or even creep. To be still is to be stagnant, to die. Age has nothing to do with the world within us. I have lived much because I have so much loved life and all my friends."

There is some confusion as to what took place in the discovery of the campus for the University. For the purpose of clearing the record I quote from Miss Lunt's "Reminiscences" read before the Historical Society on October 29, 1929. "My father started alone on that quest with fresh hope, buoyant purpose, and a

kindled heart. On he came that bright day, and drove and drove through this region now cultivated and familiar; then almost wild and uninhabited; miserable roads or paths; occasional log houses or shanties, and a few straggling farms; a countryside far and forlorn, the look of which might well make one's courage flag unless sustained and strengthened by that which gives power to the faint: He said he looked at the marshy or heavily wooded land and that where it was valuable or promising it was practically unavailable or wholly beyond reach since funds to purchase a large site had not yet been furnished, nor any sure way to secure it even suggested. In fact he neither saw nor desired anything his eyes fell upon—and slowly discouragement settled down upon his spirit, when just about returning defeated and depressed he alighted once more from the carriage to walk a little by himself. With a heavy heart and about to give up the hopeless pursuit he took a few steps to the east, standing then upon what we call Ridge Avenue just due west from the College of Liberal Arts. He said that as he walked, he mused when suddenly through the thick growth of trees and underbrush beyond the wide stretch of wet loam, he thought he saw a sparkle of flickering and flashing light. He stepped forward, he stopped to gaze, and through the interlacing branches, he discerned the gleaming water—a moving molten mass of light. *It was the Lake.* He was nearer than he supposed, he moved rapidly toward it—and could see finally the shining surface through sweep of woods and curve of land. Instantly he felt it was the place. 'Eureka—Eureka, I have found it,' was his cry. In genuine gratitude and delight the conviction swept over him then and there that his prayer was answered. He was joyous and rendered thanks as if the picture was living. From

his own lips I have heard repeatedly that he never wavered a second in belief that he had really seen the site—vouchsafed almost as a vision. Thus you see that he was alone, and can see why his friends and associates so long called him, 'The Father of Evanston.' ''

We now quote from the Evanston Review of May 20, 1948:

''More than 1700 guests took advantage of Miss Megowen's hospitality to tour the historic old house and browse through the rooms where the late Cornelia Lunt presided for so many years as Evanston's 'first lady.' The most memorable item among the personal possessions of Cornelia Lunt was not on view as far as we can learn when her mansion had its farewell showing a fortnight ago. It was a tiny silver conversation bell. Cornelia used it to regulate conversation during the soirees for which her drawing room was famous throughout the middlewest. When conversation among the notables whom she gathered about her became too confused, or when she decided it was time to change the subject, or when the talk drifted off on tabooed topics, or when she wished to get a remark in point first she would ring the bell vigorously. Then all talk would cease until she gave the signal for it to proceed again. The bell greatly fascinated the late Alexander Woollcott, who was a frequent visitor, and he often thought of introducing the practice into his intellectual gab and gobble colony at Bomoseen, Vermont.

The day before Christmas, 1934, Miss Lunt, then 91 years old, was preparing Christmas gifts when she was suddenly stricken. She lingered through Christmas Day with a doctor in constant attendance. Present at Miss Lunt's bedside were Mrs. Margaret Lunt Gardner, a niece; Miss Rachel McFerran, her companion and secretary; Horace F. Lunt of Denver, Colorado, a neph-

ew, and Mrs. Merritt Morehouse of Mansfield, Georgia, a niece. Alexander Woollcott, when he learned of Miss Lunt's death, sent the following telegram: "I feel saddened and impoverished by the news that I shall never see Miss Lunt again. She was a great woman if I ever met one."

Doctor Ernest Fremont Tittle, pastor of the First Methodist Church, officiating pastor at the last rites said in part:

"It was Miss Lunt's desire, expressed more than once, that this service should be simple; and simple it shall be. But her desire for simplicity we shall not interpret as a demand for silence. We might conceivably be true to her, but true to ourselves we could not be if we should allow this occasion to pass with no word of appreciation or of gratitude being spoken. So speak we shall, though briefly and with due restraint."

Street Names

Foster Street

The Foster clan in Evanston was a numerous one. Dr. John H. Foster was owner of the 370 acres, now a part of Central Evanston. The Chicago home of the Doctor was North Clark Street and Belden Avenue.

William Foster came to Evanston in 1840. He was one of the party of Gold seekers who went to California in 1850.

John J. Foster, known as the house mover and

Davis Street or Dempster Street Pier

builder of the pier at Dempster Street, was also of the party who went in search of gold.

George F. Foster, one of the University trustees, was prominently identified with the early history of Chicago. The Foster home was on the Ridge corner of Greenwood Boul.

Volney Foster, who lived at 1014 Greenwood Avenue was often referred to as the "Father" of Sheridan Road. He furnished the spirit for the founding of the Back Lot Club, which eventually became the L and S Club at the Evanston High School.

Miss Jennie H. Foster was a teacher in the Evanston Public Schools for over forty years.

The second President of the University was Randolph S. Foster. Dr. Foster was elected President in June, 1856, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Clark J. Hinman. Frances Willard said that he possessed the best of eloquence to a remarkable degree. The Foster home was at the southeast corner of Church Street and Chicago Ave. The last named Foster is the one whose name is perpetuated in Foster Street.

Asbury Avenue

Evanston, a Methodist town, must of necessity have an Asbury and a Wesley Avenue. Asbury of course was named in honor of Francis Asbury, first bishop of the Methodist Church in America. His parents were Methodist and young Francis joined in his thirteenth year. At sixteen he is said to have been licensed as a local preacher. He was a Methodist in the strict sense of that term. "He was remarkable for his strict devotion to the work of the Ministry, and for the faithful discharge of all his duties. At his death Methodism in America had grown from a few scattered bands to a thoroughly organized church of 241,000 members.

Ayars Court

Frank R. Grover has this to say of the origin of the name for Ayars Court, now known as Garnett Place. The changed name was made to honor the name of Garnett, a prominent colored dentist of Evanston. Mr. Grover in his statement to the Historical Society reports:

Ayars Court was named for Jaques Ayars, President of the Village Board. Mr. Grover relates that about the year 1886 two or three residents of a cul-de-sac or blind alley running east of Maple Avenue petitioned the Board, stating that they were living on a blind alley without a name and no house numbers which created confusion in the delivery of their mail. The petition was referred to the Committee on Streets and Alleys and before adjournment, Grover and Wilcox, who were members of the Board, recommended that the street be named for Ayars. Subsequently, land west of Maple was subdivided by Hobbs and one of the streets coinciding with Ayars Place, the extension was named Ayars Court.

Grove Street

Three churches side on Grove Street—Congregational, First Church of Christ Scientist, St. Marks Episcopal. The home of Edward S. Taylor, Evanston orator, was on the northeast corner of Chicago and Grove Street. Mr. Taylor's house had a large cupola. In October, 1871, friends and neighbors climbed to this cupola to view the Chicago Fire. The Ludlam home was on the northwest corner of Chicago, now the Evanston Club. The Ludlam house was moved to 1206 Hinman where it housed surviving members of the family. Later the Taylor house became the home of Dr. Allen Clayton.

Forest Avenue

Forest Avenue should be spelled with two "r's". In fact, early plots of Evanston show Forest spelled Forrest. It was named for Thomas L. Forrest who never lived in Evanston. He was the brother-in-law of Andrew J. Brown, one of the founders of the University.

Mr. Forrest was interested in land in the vicinity of Forest Avenue. Brother-in-law Brown is said to have designated the avenue Forrest without consent. The Forrests lived at 416 Center Street, Chicago.

Cornelia A. Wheadon

CORNELIA A. WHEADON may have been the first lady school teacher in Evanston. Miss Wheadon was 16 years old, and her school house, a one room log cabin, was located at the corner of Greenleaf Street and Ridge Avenue. The year was 1846 and no school district had been organized. Ridgeville township did not come into being until 1850. Authority was exercised by three trustees who were appointed by the County Commissioners. Prior to 1846 the teachers were men. According to William Carney, the first teacher was James Baker, a relative of the Huntoon family. The second teacher was one Satchell, who taught Carney his letters. The third teacher believed in corporal punishment. Carney remembers him as a "rough handler, who used to bang the boys heads against the wall." Mrs. Sarah Crain, who was an early settler in the district remembered that Miss Wheadon was "considered pretty young to teach." On December

1, 1846, Henry W. Clarke and wife executed a deed to the township of a parcel of ground approximating one half acre to be used for a school or meeting house site or both and the rear or west part was to be used as a burying ground. In 1872 about 100 burials had been made, and in later years the bodies were removed to Rosehill Cemetery.

Cornelia A. Wheadon was the daughter of Rev. Edward Dwight Wheadon, a local preacher and circuit rider and well known in Methodist circles. Wheadon Chapel was named for "Father Wheadon" as he was familiarly known. Miss Wheadon received her education in the Chicago Female Seminary, then at the northwest corner of Madison and Dearborn Streets, Chicago. Miss Wheadon did not "board round." She says in one of her letters to the Evanston Historical Society that she boarded with George Washington Huntoon, an early pioneer. Cornelia A. Wheadon Churcher was a regular attendant at the lectures given by the Historical Society. On one occasion a surprise was in store for her. An illustrated lecture was being given, probably by James Taft Hatfield. A picture was thrown upon the screen showing her as a young girl and a teacher at the log school house. The picture had been copied from an old daguerreotype and showed her dressed in the fashion of the day. She complied with a request that she stand up and was greeted by her friends.

Camp Good Will

A VISITOR to Evanston shortly after the turn of the century would have seen a tent colony in the block bounded by Central Street, Sherman Avenue, Milburn Street, and Orrington Avenue. The property belonged to Judge H. S. Towle of Oak Park who very graciously permitted Camp Good Will to use the block for a number of seasons from 1901 or 1902 until he placed the property on the market for sale about 1917 or 1918. Camp Good Will originated in Oak Park but was transferred to Evanston to secure a camp site near the lake. The report for the year 1912 had this to say about the work of the Camp. "The work of Camp Good Will had its beginning a dozen years ago. The value of this work is found in the healthier and happier lives of the thousands of mothers and young children who have come for a week's outing as our friends and guests, from the congested parts of the city to enjoy our fresh air, woods and lake and the wholesome entertainment and instruction which the camp furnishes."

The Public Service Corporations of Evanston furnished the gas, electric lights and the telephone. The City of Evanston furnished water and conferred other favors. The incidental expenses such as printing, postage, etc., was paid for by the officers and directors. Brigadier General F. S. Dickson of the U.S. Army loaned the tents. Report for the year 1911 revealed that mothers and children entertained numbered 1051 and the expense for an outing for an individual was less than $3.30.

The camp was supported by Evanston churches.

Some of the larger communions assumed the obligations for a week. Contributors to the 1913 budget were: First Methodist, First Congregational, First Presbyterian, First Baptist, First Church of Christ Scientist, Second Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Hemenway Methodist, Covenant Methodist, St. Marks, St. Lukes, St. Mathews, St. Mary's Church of All Souls, Wheadon Methodist, and Evanston Christian Church. For the season 1912 twenty-two nationalities were represented, the Irish leading with 302, the German with 183 and Polish 143. Families numbered 353; mothers numbered 290, boys 435 and girls 529. Religious affiliation, the Catholics were far in the lead with 808, while the Protestants numbered 281.

Antiquities of Evanston

THE Avenue House is now the North Shore Hotel. Before it was the Avenue House, it was the Reynold's House. Why did they change the name? In the horse and buggy days, if you lived on the north side, you drove out to the Avenue House for dinner. It was an all day trip. In the middle nineties, it was still the end of the line for an auto trip.

Test runs were made by auto from Grant's monument in Lincoln Park to the Avenue House. The race was not to the swift, but to the Engine which could endure. One of the judges related to me that after the last auto left Lincoln Park, he went by horse and buggy, arriving before the first automobile crossed the line.

If you are old enough, you will remember the gargolyle which stood on the Avenue House corner. It came from the Chicago Courthouse after the great fire of '71, and if you look diligently, you may find it in the City Yards on Maple Avenue.

The Last Indian Burial

THERE is evidence that the tract immediately north of the Evanston Hospital extending as far north as the P. W. Gates home in Wilmette was an Indian burying ground. The last burial there is referred to in Frances E. Willard's "The Classic Town". This is authenticated by old settlers who were boys at that time.

The deceased was buried above ground and facing the East. The coffin was made of poles and saplings laid up like a log house and bound together at the corners with bands of bark. The Indian's guns, tomahawk, and his dog were buried with him. The old settlers (boys then) were kept awake many nights by visions of the grinning skeleton which they could see by peeping through the cracks.

Who's Who and Where in 1886

WILLIAM S. LORD was manager of the Enterprize (now Lord's Department Store). William H. Holabird (Holabird and Root) lived on Oak Avenue near Lake Street. Isaac R. Hilt lived at 723 Chicago Avenue (old number) built by D. Kidder in 1856. Sidney C. Ingraham, father of our one-time mayor, lived at Ridge and Noyes Street.

George Kearney was Justice of the Peace, Notary Public, Insurance and Real Estate Agent. John B. Kirk lived on Ridge Avenue at the corner of Lake Street. M. M. Kirkman lived at the southeast corner of Ridge Avenue and Lake Street. Mr. Kirkman is listed as the Controller of the Northwestern Railroad.

Henry A. Pearsons lived at 718 Chicago Avenue. (old number) Frances Willard, Evanston's most distinguished citizen, lived at 730 Chicago Avenue. (old number) A. P. Wightman, father of C. A. Wightman, was in business at 400 Davis Street. George W. Whitfield, one of the first dentists in Evanston had an office at 316 Davis Street. Jacob Rinn, dealer in coal and wood, lived at the northeast corner of Rinn Street and Chicago Avenue. Charles Rosenberg was a clerk at H. H. Rosenblum's Store at 429 Davis Street.

Levi C. Pitner, erstwhile real estate man lived at 811 Davis Street. Antony Palmer (to his friends "Tony" Palmer) was a barber and boarded on Chicago Avenue. Hugh White, noted attorney, lived on Ridge Avenue at the northeast corner of Greenwood Avenue. Harvey B. Hurd (Hurd's Statues) lived at Ridge and Davis Street.

The Reverend Robert Hatfield lived on property

which he subsequently sold to Daniel H. Burnham. James Taft Hatfield was listed as a teacher. N. W. Harris, Chicago Banker, lived at 742 Chicago Avenue. The Evanston Index was published by John A. Childs, the office being at 325 Davis Street opposite the Avenue House. The subscription price was $2.00 per year.

Frank R. Grover, one time President of the Historical Society, lived at 608 Grove Street. Orvis French was proprietor of the Greenwood Inn. William A. Dyche, second Mayor of Evanston, was a druggist in business at 515 Chicago Avenue. Miss Clow, well known to old timers was a milliner at 619 Orrington Avenue.

Thomas C. Hoag was listed as the proprietor of the Evanston Bank. The bank headquarters were in the rear of his grocery store at 528 Davis Street. Mr. Hoag resided at 502 Davis Street, which is now occupied by the Pure Oil Company's Gasoline Station.

Wm. A. Dyche
Second Mayor of Evanston
and Business Manager of
the University
Dyche Stadium is a
memorial

Frank R. Grover

IN NOVEMBER 1901 Frank R. Grover asked for permission to move his house at 1508 Sherman Avenue to 1100 Hinman Avenue. The request was granted without delay and 1100 Hinman Avenue continued to be the Grover home. His reasons for moving: annoyance occasioned by two steam railroads, trolley cars in front, noise of the gate men's bells at the railroad crossings, midnight excursions of the fire and police departments, Salvation Army, escaping steam, smoke and soot from nearby manufacturing establishments, Dowie processions and many other disturbances. No doubt about Frank Grover making out a good case. Mr. Grover was the first City Attorney and one of his legal duties was the prosecution of the operators of blind pigs.

Frank Grover made a great contribution to historical research. In the files of the Historical Society we find "Our Indian Predecessors" read before the Society on November 2, 1901, "The First Evanstonian" on Feb. 7th, 1916, "Indian Treaties Affecting Lands in the Present State of Illinois," read before the Illinois State Historical Society in 1915. Aside from his studies of Indians of the North Shore, he had a collection of guns. An attempt to describe them would require several pages. To pick one out of a collection of 400, he was reported to possess a Philadelphia derringer of the same type with which Booth shot Lincoln. Mr. Grover was a lawyer by profession. While waiting in court one day for a fellow member of the bar to finish a several hours speech, he wrote the following as a foreword to his collection of firearms:

"The collector, whether his hobby be ancient coins, postage stamps, books, book plates, clocks, pipes, old China, old furniture, general curios, firearms, or antiquities of other kinds is a strange mixture of proverbial fool—soon parted with his money—monomaniac, and intelligent student. His occupation, however, has some advantages to society. It keeps him away from harmful pursuits. At remote intervals his 'collections' really interest those few individuals whom he can prevail upon to look at them. The substantial benefits of his calling accrue to himself. In making his collections he sees many lands and visits far away scenes; betakes himself first and last into those out-of-the-way places and by-ways that the average man seldom, if ever, sees. He is not only a traveler but a sojourner in dusty and dirty, but still interesting junk shops and second hand stores in distant cities."

William C. Levere, writing for the Evanston Daily News, has this to say of Mr. Grover: "He is a many sided man, of catholic tastes, great companionability and diverse gifts. He is a lover of his city, for he has lived here through boyhood, youth and into mature manhood. Those, who know him best, know he will go out of his way, far beyond metes and bounds to be a good friend."

Frank Grover may have anticipated the approach of death. The following letter was discovered after the funeral. It was read by Judge Orrin Carter at the memorial service:

"The years of my life have gone by almost like so many months. There have been sorrow and care and a lot of hard work, but it has been a beautiful world just the same, which I have enjoyed (I hope not too selfishly) as I went along. I have found many true friends and in every one, when I have taken the pains

to ascertain—something worthwhile. If I could speak a little farewell, it would be a prayer of thankfulness for what my true friends have meant to me. To my family there are no farewells to say, for in the sacred temple of the home there has been that love and understanding that needs no parting words. And now in the evening whatever may be the sunrise in the great plan of human destiny—I meet it ready and unafraid."

William H. Twiggs

APRIL 14, 1955 The Saunterer of the Evanston Review had this to say of Evanston's oldest businessman, William H. Twiggs:

"Back when the legend of Evanston was being invented, when Deacon Garwood was dishing out civilization's first ice cream sundaes at his Fountain square drug store which had the world's first drive-in service, another Fountain square businessman likewise was nudging into his niche in history. His claim to fame is that he is still here, after 68 years, and is still in business. No other personage anywhere can make that claim.

"Having garnered as much book learning as he had time for at the old Benson avenue grade school and at Northwestern academy, under Dr. Fisk, this town's lively patriarch, William H. Twiggs, kicked off his career and his print shop in 1887 at 573 Orrington Avenue (now 1573 Sherman, present site of the Quinlan and Tyson office). He had picked up the trade working for printers Ed Kappelman and Bob Milne. W. H.

Twiggs—Printing moved around 1909 to 1619 Sherman; then next door to 1621; finally to the present location, 1315 Emerson street, which the enterprising printer bought in 1915. Nothing is changed there today—same desk, same pile of confusion, same printer, same type, same press.

"The press, a large Gordon jobber, is a museum piece. Mr. Twiggs proudly bought it second hand in 1890. It was built shortly after the invention of the wheel. At the start it was run by foot power of a village youngster. Then printer Twiggs hooked his fly-wheel to a marvel of the day called a 'gas engine,' powered by illuminating gas. When electricity came to Evanston, the Twiggs shop was wired, the old gas lights were blown out, the gas engine scrapped; an electric motor began spinning the Gordon.

"The Twiggs shop's first Fountain square neighbors were the Pard, Powers and Schwall livery stable and the town's street market for cordwood, hay and feed. The omnibus that met all trains was hitched in front, and one summer the printer did a lively business in World's Columbian exposition tickets. When the shop was at 1619-21 Sherman, it adjoined a vacant half block (north to Church Street) which Fountain square wags called Twiggs park. This could be because the shrubbery hid empty bottles cast aside by carriage drivers after doleful journeys to cemeteries, and Printer Twiggs was known as the pillar of Ebenezer A.M.E. church.

"Ebenezer church from the beginning has held first place in his affections. It was at suggestion of an intimate family friend, the Rev. J. S. Woods, Ebenezer's second pastor, that young Will Twiggs came here in 1884 from Davenport, Ia. He and Mr. Woods, a theological student, roomed in historic Heck hall, which a

couple of decades later became Evanston's most exciting bonfire of the century. The Woods-Twiggs room under the rafters had a small, greedy coal stove. The boys would fill it and, by the time they fell down five flights of stairs to the coalbin in the cellar and toiled back up five flights with a coal hod, it was time to fill the stove again.

"At Ebenezer Trustee Twiggs has been a member more than 70 years, on the board more than 50, Sunday school superintendent more than 25.

" 'Twiggs Historical Den,' a print shop nook, has photos and records which reveal he originated the idea and is charter member of Emerson Y.M.C.A., helped found and has gone to the top locally and nationally in Mt. Moriah Masonic lodge, Knights of Pythias, and the old Odd Fellows.

"This summer he is looking forward to a distinction that comes to few mortals while their faculties are still full of pep. He has friends, the community that owes him much, will celebrate his 90th birthday this coming Aug. 7."

Grosse Pointe

ALL of the territory north of Devon Avenue, or what we now term the North Shore, was called Grosse Pointe in the early part of the nineteenth century. The name, as the spelling implies, is from the French. It will be recalled that the first explorers in the Chicago district were French traders and priests. A suburb of Detroit is called Gross Point,

also from the French Grosse Pointe. Our lighthouse was never been known by any other name than the Gross Point Lighthouse. The Indians first gave the point of land a name which means the eyebrow of a beauty. Sailors often referred to it as "Beauty's Eyebrow" because it had such a lovely aspect from the open lake. Grosse Pointe was later anglicized to Gross Point as Ouilmette later became Wilmette. Frank Grover, one-time President of the Evanston Historical Society gives us an interesting account of the lens in the light house. According to the Grover version, the lenses were purchased in Versailles for $15,000. We next find them in San Francisco, then across the continent to St. Augustine, Fla. They were buried in the Florida sands during the Civil War, the burial place almost lost. From Florida we find them in a Washington, D.C. warehouse. Thence to Evanston arriving early in the year 1874. On March 1st of that year they flashed the first light into the Lake.

We will now attempt to support the thesis that Father Marquette was the first white man to visit Grosse Pointe. In fact he may have landed near the present location of the lighthouse. Historian Parkman tells of the voyage of Marquette with his ten birch bark canoes down the West Coast of Lake Michigan in the year 1674. We quote, "November had come: the bright hues of autumn foliage had changed to a rusty brown. The shore was desolate and the Lake stormy. They were nearly a month in coasting the Western border." In Marquette's diary which is still in existence in St. Mary's College in Montreal, we find the following entry for December 3, 1674. "Having said holy Mass and embarked, we were compelled to make a point (Grosse Pointe) and land on account of floating masses of ice." On the next day,

Dec. 4th Marquette records in his diary that they landed at the Portage River (Chicago River).

The name Gross Point was later restricted to the German settlement on Ridge Road, Wilmette, St. Joseph's Parish. Germans in the district came from Traer, Germany, hence New Trier. St. Joseph's Parish is one of the oldest, it being the first north of Devon Ave. and Ridge Ave., this part of the city being in St. Henry's parish.

Here we wish to introduce the colorful figure of the Gross Point priest, Fr. William Naestraeter, parish priest for 54 years—Only two districts on the North Shore could sell liquor legally, Gross Point and Highwood. Father Naetstraeter relates that on the first Sunday afternoon he took a walk around the village. His impression was that when Jonah was ordered to Nineveh he did not get anything much worse than Gross Point. What he saw that afternoon led him to preach his next sermon on drunkenness. That afternoon a delegation from the congregation called on the young parish priest and explained to him that if he wanted to be popular and happy, he must preach on other topics. "This is strange," answered the young clergyman. "I thought I had been sent here to tell you what you ought to hear and here you try to tell me. Let me assure you that it was not my wish to come to Gross Point. I was sent by my superiors, and I shall stay until they appoint me elsewhere, which cannot be too soon to suit me. But while I am here, I will preach what I think you ought to hear."

The next Sunday came another blast against the misuse of liquor. That afternoon the saloon keepers presented a lot of bad boys with an "eighth of beer," on condition that they drink it in front of the priest's house. They started to do so, but Father Naetstraeter

came out with his cane and made them think they had made a bad bargain. For 54 years he remained their spiritual adviser.

During the 54 years of his pastorate he was very successful in real estate operations. He had what we realtors call the real estate sense. He is said to have been one of the promoters of Memorial Park Cemetery. The good priest's beneficiary was St. Josephs Parish Church and School. His real estate promotions according to one authority netted $1,000,000.

James A. Patten

ONE writer refers to James A. Patten as the Dick Whittington of Evanston. I assume that the reference is to his being called to the office of Mayor. Mr. Patten's life story is the story of many eminent men in Democratic America. Born of middle class parents, they did succeed in giving him two years in the Preparatory School in Evanston. He did not know at that time that he was to return to Evanston where he would become the benefactor for so many of our institutions. After spending a few years at or near Sandwich, Illinois, he returned to Chicago, where he entered the grain business with his brother George under the firm name of Patten Brothers. Mr. Patten was probably best known as the "Wheat King". He stoutly denied that he ever cornered the market. One of the best deals he ever made was the day he was married to Amanda Louisa Buchanan. I am sure that Mr. Patten would endorse this statement. On his 70th birth-

day a giant reception was given at the home 1456 Ridge Avenue. Some six or seven hundred friends of the Pattens came to the Ridge Avenue Home. Sam Cannon, one of Evanston's best known colored citizens was there. He said that he thought that the colored people should be represented. At this reception Mr. Patten said he was plied with various questions, one being what time should a man get married? Mr. Patten answered, whenever you find the right girl, never mind about the money. I was 33. I can vouch for the story about the Gymnasium. As I heard it from Mr. Dyche. Mr. Patten and Mr. Dyche were on a tour of some of the Eastern Universities. As they were riding along Mr. Dyche said that he dozed and was awakened by Mr. Patten saying, "Do you think $100,000 would do it?" Mr. Dyche answered by asking another question, "Would do what?" Answer, "Build a gymnasium for Northwestern." Before very long Patten raised the amount to $150,000. Before it was finshed he put in $300,000. Old timers and some young timers remember the Music Festivals held in "Patten Gym." The public insisted upon calling it "Patten Gym" in spite of the fact that "Northwestern University Gymnasium" in huge letters appeared above the entrance.

Another of Mr. Patten's benefactions was the beautiful YMCA Building. I remember quite well the dinner at the Country Club for the workers and subscribers. It was one of his last appearances in public. Mr. Patten was in a very jovial mood, and at his best. He amused us greatly by telling us how citizens of Evanston would appeal to Mrs. Patten to intercede with her famous husband. What was more remarkable was the success attending the intercessor. Evanston's YMCA Building, as I remember it, cost $1,000,000 and the Pattens furnished $225,000 of it.

When a boy, James A. Patten attended the United

Presbyterian in DeKalb County, five miles south of Somonauk. In 1930 the Church was rebuilt by means of contributions from Mrs. Patten and her son John. The records will show that James A. Patten never transferred his membership from this country church to First Presbyterian in Evanston, although he attended regularly and served on some of the official boards. There is a tradition to the effect that he always put a $50 bill in the collection basket.

A reproduction of a portrait of Mr. Patten hangs in the Reception Room of the Evanston Hospital. No attempt will be made to tell of the millions given to Evanston Hospital by the Patten family. Mrs. Patten was the first President of the Woman's Auxiliary. It will be seen that money was not the only contribution made by the Patten family.

1426 Ridge Avenue was erected in 1901 at a cost of approximately $100,000. The iron fence was a part of one of the fences of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893. This fence was often referred to as the $50,000 fence. It is probable that no one knows what it cost. C. A. Hemphill promoter and builder of Patten Manor very wisely retained the fence.

A list of the benefactions of the Pattens cannot be made. Contributions to some charities were made anonymously. I have not mentioned the Presbyterian Home in Evanston, United Charities of Chicago, Visiting Nurse Association, Glenwood Manual Training School, Boy Scouts of America.

Edwin Sherman, one time President of the Evanston Hospital Association said that Mr. Patten came to the City National Bank on one occasion and handed to him an envelope. He found later that the envelope contained $300,000 market value of stocks given for the benefit of the Hospital. Mr. Sherman said that all of this took place in less than five minutes.

Death came to Mr. Patten, as it will to all men, in December 1928. The Evanston Review commented as follows in its editorial column: "So Evanston grieves the passing of a certain rich man who went beyond the Biblical injunction of giving his all to the poor, for while effacing himself, he gave brains and heart as well as wealth and directed them to the intelligent prevention and curing of the ills of the world which he has departed."

The Kickers' Club

THE so-called Kickers' Club started with a small group of men who met informally for lunch at Alexanders Cafe on the second floor of the Simpson Building, 614-616 Davis Street. The presiding genius was William C. Levere. Other members of the group were Albert H. Bowman, Publisher of the News Index; James Leonard Lee, City Editor of the News Index, Clyde D. Foster, and Ritze Mulder of the Quinlan and Tyson organization. There was a tacit understanding that any member of the group had the privilege of inviting a friend to sit at the table as his guest, but if the guest showed up the second time he was invited to pay the Treasurer $5.00, and upon delivery of the five he thereby become a member of the Kickers' Club with the right and privilege of kicking about the food or the administration's policy at Washington. This rule has continued to the present day.

The first formal meeting of which there is a record was at home of Mr. & Mrs. William J. Hamilton in the

KICKERS' CLUB OF EVANSTON, Annual Dinner—North Shore Hotel—January 11, 1940. TOP ROW—W. J. O'Donahue, J. W. Kehoe, F. N. Wohlleber, E. F. Stolle, R. J. Darby, L. M. Nelson, Jr., F. H. Potter, A. H. Meyer, G. B. Anderson, E. R. Ladd, C. A. Hemphill, F. R. Dent, F. G. Brooks, C. H. Bartlett, C. W. Ward, J. F. Wanberg, T. G. Lowry, F. Murray, J. A. Brooks, S. G. Ingraham, G. C. Williams, C. E. Richards, I. Rosenberg, R. D. Cunningham, L. P. Meyer, C. J. Golee, W. W. Robson. MIDDLE ROW—J. D. Toloff, R. A. Carey, G. H. Tomlinson, R. F. Milne, D. McCann, Theresa Stalnaker, C. S. Wallace, R. B. Dennis, H. Gates, W. W. Buchanan. BOTTOM ROW—H. E. Maher, O. H. Nichols, W. G. Deemer, L. H. Hollister, L. W. Shanesy, E. E. Nilles, G. C. Dalgety, W. R. Schuster, W. E. Schweitzer, T. F. Airth, V. E. Orthlund.

Ridgewood Apartments. The Kickers' Club on stated occasions resolved themselves into what was known as the Society for the Erection of Evanston Historical tablets. At the meeting Chairman Levere gave a short history of the Club and outlined the possibilities. The following committees were suggested by the Chairman and approved by the membership:

Committee to see the Board of Trustees of the Library

James R. Smart, Chairman
William J. Hamilton
Claude E. Richards

Committee on Inscriptions

Clyde D. Foster, Chairman
Dr. L. D. Henderson
Dr. A. W. Gould
C. M. Connell

Committee on Boulders

William J. Hamilton, Chairman
W. E. Horton
John F. Hahn
A. S. Cooper

Committee on Tablet

Albert H. Bowman, Chairman
Joseph Pearson
Arthur Bull
George Taylor

It was moved by Dr. A. W. Gould that the first tablet to be erected be placed on the Public Library grounds, marking the site of the first church building in Evanston and the place of meeting of the first Civil War meetings.

The next meeting which was a week later, the Society met at the apartment of the President at 600

Davis Street. At that meeting the members had the pleasure of hearing Frank R. Grover and J. Seymour Currey of the Historical Society. Future meetings of the Society were held for the purpose of discussion and arrangements for the unveiling of the first tablet which took place on July 27, 1913.

Schwalls Livery Stable

MR. CLARK, President of the Historical Society, once told me that on the exact spot where my office was located was the stall where his horse was kept in the livery barn. Carl Erickson, who lived at 1210 Sherman Avenue, drove the Bus for Schwall. Erickson, when interviewed by the News Index, had this to say of the Schwall Bus Service: "On days like this, with snow piled high, Andy Schwall, who presently came to be sole livery proprietor, would urge his horses to haul the creaking bus to the North Western Evening train. No one ever drove the bus except himself.

"The horses would rear and plunge as the train came in, but Andy always managed to get you and all the returning shoppers and all the business men into the bus. He would obligingly hustle your trunk or new dining room table into an express wagon in the rear."

Next door to the Schwall Livery Stable was the famous "Round House" the unique home that was built first on the site of Hatfield Hall by a thrifty Garrett Biblical Institute student with timbers washed ashore from the lunber boats on Lake Michigan. Moved to

1569 Sherman Avenue it constituted Evanston's one tenement. In the two capacities it stood as one of Evanston's famed curiosities for a period of 44 years. Imagine living in a flat with pie shaped rooms. Possibly tenants did not have furniture, so the irregular shaped rooms may not have posed a problem.

The Country Club

THE record would indicate that the Country Club (a club in town) was the consolidation of a number of social organizations: The Evanston Boat Club, the Idlewild Club, the J.J.'s, the N.G.'s, the XYZ's, and the M.A.'s. Everybody attempted to guess the hidden meaning of the initials. The N.G.'s were said by some to be "No Good" to others "Nice Girls." The M.A.'s Ma's Pets, and J.J.'s were the gay crowd. Early in the spring of 1888 Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Clark of Hinman Avenue gave a small dinner party. At the party Miss Virginia Hamline, later Mrs. T. S. Creighton, first suggested the forming of a club with pretty grounds and a shelter providing a place to rest after tennis sets. After dinner the men retired to their cigars and as a result of their discussion concluded that the plan was very practical if some prominent man would take the lead. Only one name was proposed and that was the name of Marshall Kirkman. Mr. Kirkman did not know it then but he was to continue as President for several years. In the first cabinet was Frederick W. Clark, 1st Vice President, Milton W. Kirk, 2nd Vice President, Thomas S. Creighton, Treasurer and Recording Secre-

tary, and Miss Kate Ashton, Corresponding Secretary. When the organization was formed, it was known as a semi-social, semi-athletic club. This was expanded later to include dramatic entertainments and musicals. No sooner was the club formed until they could announce that one hundred fifty of Evanston's prominent people were members.

The Evanston Historical Society has in its files a picture of the first "Shelter" which was built on Hinman Avenue. The "Shelter" was later to be moved to the rear of the Oak Avenue location, where it became the home of Adam Perry, one of Evanston's most respected citizens and master of ceremonies at countless numbers of teas, weddings, and receptions. The Shelter, consisting of only one large room was to serve a multitude of purposes—in winter the grounds were flooded with water thereby creating a skating rink. On Washington's birthday 1889 a pot luck supper was given at the "Shelter." Prominent men in the club in the early days—A. T. Cutler, George Lunt, George T. Judd, E. A. Chapman, John H. Kedize Jr., J. W. Scott, William L. Brown, William Holabird, Charles H. Mathews. Lady directors—Mrs. John B. Kirk, Miss Lunt, Mrs. Andrew Hazelhurst, Mrs. F. M. Elliot, Mrs. W. A. Hammond, Mrs. C. L. Williams, Mrs. T. S. Creighton, Mrs. Milton Kirk, Mrs. Frederick Arnd, Mrs. D. A. Mudge, Mrs. G. P. Fuller, Mrs. G. R. Jenkins, Mrs. W. J. Fabian, Mrs. B. F. Adams, Mrs. E. F. Brown, Mrs. A. C. Buell, Mrs. George Lord, Mrs. M. M. Kirkman, Mrs. N. G. Iglehart, Mrs. Stewart Clark, Mrs. H. A. Pearsons, Mrs. J. C. Connell, Mrs. C. H. Remy, Mrs. H. R. Post, Mrs. B. J Moore, Mrs. William Holabird, Mrs. D. H. Burnham, Mrs. H. D. Cable. The club had a baseball team, a tennis team, a dramatic association, a cycling club. It was confidently reported

in 1894 that no member of the cycling club wore a divided skirt or a bloomer costume. By the fall of 1895 one half of the membership took an active part in the club rides. The Woman's Musical Association was directed by Mrs. William Holabird as President and Mrs. Arthur W. Underwood as Vice President. In the men's Musical Association we find the names of John R. Lindgren, Charles S. Birch, A. D. Shaw, Thomas Beard, and Robert Holmes. Wm. Gale Hoag, former President of the State Bank and Trust Co. writes entertainingly of the Equestrian Association. The Country Club did not forget the children. Children's Day was held twice a year, once in the summer and again in the winter. "The pretty costumes and chubby faces of the children, the curls and dimpled arms of the little girls and the odd manners of the boys, all make a scene that is very interesting."

Later history of the Club involves the purchase of the ground on Oak Avenue and the beautiful Club House Building which was destroyed by fire. The second Club Building followed the lines of the first and subsequently was incorporated into our beautiful City Hall Building.

William C. Levere

WILLIAM C. LEVERE, police magistrate, Illinois Assemblyman, fraternity fanatic, world traveler, friend of the Yanks on the Western Front World War I, author, lecturer and lover of men. One writer refers to him as Abou Ben Adam, another calls him John

Bunny come to life, while a third nominates him as Irwin Cobb in Kahki. Everyone called him "Billy" five minutes after they met him. He has many monuments but none more pretentious than the Levere Memorial at 1856 Sheridan Road. The Memorial is the National Headquarters for the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity, Billy's beloved college fraternity. I first met Billy in the fall of 1903. That year I came to Northwestern University as a freshman. It was Billy Levere who extended to me an invitation to join his fraternity. The "frat" house at that time was at 502 Davis Street, now a gas station for the Pure Oil Co. I have said that he was a lecturer; perhaps that is too dignified, for Billy was anything but dignified. It is said that he appeared on the platform with Frances Willard in the interest of temperance. In the files of the Historical Society, I find an affadavit, made by one Robert Johnson, a policeman, in which he complains that one John Flood was guilty of misdemeanors on the 23rd day of January 1899. Flood evidently appeared before Judge Levere, for he signed it as police magistrate. I am sure that it was not the John Flood whom I knew, for he was a most estimable citizen. Shortly after his college days, Billy wrote a college story entitled "Twixt Greek and Barb" We of the Chapter corrupted the title to "Twixt Grease and Lard"!

One of the great days in Billy's career was the time when he was Master of Ceremonies upon the visit to Evanston of Governor William McKinley. The date was June 15, 1895, and the fraternity was housed at 2031 Sherman Avenue. McKinley was not a member of the Fraternity while in college, but was a member of a local subsequently admitted as a chapter. As such he was initiated into the Fraternity and wore the SAE pin on the lapel of his coat as he took the oath of office as President of the United States. Billy was fond of

saying that the neighbors brought furniture into the house. They wanted a chair upon which the President *to be* had reposed.

Billy tried desperately to get into the army in 1917. His Falstaffian figure did not appeal to the examiners. He had never practiced denial when good food was placed before him. There was a field opened to him, and he was superbly qualified for it. I have referred to the fact that he was a lover of men. After the preliminaries had been settled as a Y.M.C.A. Secretary, there remained one hurdle. Billy was not a member of an Evangelical Church. Dr. William T. McElveen, pastor of the Congregational Church received him into his communion. Not long after, he was on his way to France. Billy's hut was near the French town of Neufchateau. I will not attempt to tell all of the stories of Billy and his activities. Thousands of American boys passed through Neufchateau, and Billy did everything he could to make them forget the horrors of war. Billy was a good cook and did the boys enjoy his good old American meals! On one occasion he prepared several large baking pans with American Soda biscuits and gave instruction to the French cook to roll them into the ovens. After a time Billy went into the kitchen to ascertain what had happened to the biscuits. The French cook replied that he was waiting for them to cool. "Cool" roared Billy. "We want them now." The doughboys quickly dispatched the warm biscuits.

Billy did not forget security for old age. One investment was a happy one. He purchased 1614-16 Chicago Avenue from Mrs. Harding, a widow of one of Evanston's physicians. He was already the owner of 25 feet to the south of this property, making a total frontage of 88 feet, the amount invested in the two pieces was $13,500. Early in the 20's he sold for $88,000 or $1,000 per foot.

I remember meeting Billy at the station early in 1927. He had just returned from one of the inspection trips incident to his fraternity relationship. He looked tired. Not long after he suffered a stroke. One afternoon after a day at headquarters he ordered a cab and went to St. Francis Hospital. Billy was not to return to his desk. On Washington's Birthday 1927 he passed away.

A service was held at the SAE Headquarters to which members of the Fraternity were invited. Long before the hour for the funeral at the First Methodist Church, friends who had gathered almost filled the Sanctuary. Professor John A. Scott, Professor of Greek, and a long time friend of Billy referred to him as the man who lived by the side of the road and was a friend of man. Billy's grave is in Memorial Park Cemetery. Members of the Fraternity gather there annually on Feb. 22nd to do him honor.

George W. Hotchkiss

AN UNUSUAL agreement was entered into by a group of old timers meeting at the home of George W. Hotchkiss, 1015 Elmwood Avenue. The old timers were the last of the dwindling number of 49'ers. The compact entered into on that occasion was an agreement to the effect that the surviving members of the group would attend and speak at the funeral of a deceased member. In March, 1926 friends and fellow members of the Second Presbyterian Church met to pay their last respects to George W. Hotchkiss. None

of the 49'ers were there. He was the last of that adventurous group to answer the last roll call. No wonder, for he was then 95, his birth year being 1831. His wife who had been his life partner for 66 years survived him, she being 94 years of age.

Mr. Hotchkiss came to Evanston in 1877. He was a founder and incorporator of the Second Presbyterian, an enthusiastic Mason, Justice of the Peace, Editor of the Evanston Press, Secretary of the Illinois Lumber and National Dealers Association.

Only a year before his death, he gave the last address of the compact at the funeral of Clement Studebaker of automobile renown. When seventeen years old he started around Cape Horn for California. It took 154 days to make the journey. He signed the petition for the admission of California as a state.

Mr. Hotchkiss was a life long Democrat and a staunch Unionist. He was as free from partisanship as it was possible for a Union Democrat to be. In a letter to Seymour Currey of the Historical Society, he set forth some of his impressions of Republican Evanston politically. His application to enter the Union Army was denied due to a broken leg. During the war he looked after wives and families of absent soldiers and served as township supervisor in Michigan. We quote from his letter: "When I came to Evanston, I found few Democrats, but a partisanship which recognized any person who did not vote and talk enmity to the South, as a Copperhead, not entitled to any measure of respect from the community. The only recognized standard of citizenship was adherence to the Republican Party with persistent hatred of anyone who recognized that the war was over and talked conciliation and friendly relations with our Southern neighbors. In the Hancock campaign, I was the only man in the two villages to display a Hancock flag.

In the elections the only requirement of a candidate was that he should be a rabid and outspoken Republican, to which all minor qualifications as education, intelligence, and fitness for office must be subordinate. Enough that the writer has lived to see a rich meed of friendships among his fellow citizens, and to see the question of ability and fitness taking precedence over political prejudice."

Silver Threads Among the Gold

COMPOSED in 1874 by Hart Pease Danks, son of the second proprietor of the Avenue House, then called the Danks House. This song was sung by lovers all over the world. Danks, a singer and composer of sacred songs to the number of 1200 is said to have come across the poem by Eben R. Rexford of Wisconsin. Danks was attracted to the lines which were first published in a Wisconsin Farm Journal. One version has it that he paid Rexford $3.00 for the rights and Rexford being so elated by the increase in his worldly possessions sent him several more verses for which no charge was made. Danks sold the song to a Philadelphia publisher who in turn sent a copy to Chicago, where it was sung by a minstrel group. So great was the popularity of the composition that 2,000,000 copies were sold, Danks receiving only a small sum for the love song.

The woman who inspired the song was Harriet Danks the composer's wife and sweetheart. The prophecy that

she would always be young and fair was never fulfilled due to estrangement of the lovers. Mrs. Danks died at the age of 82 in greatly reduced circumstances in a Brooklyn rooming house. She was buried in New Union Field after a simple funeral service in Lefferts Place Chapel.

In 1903 an old man was found dead in a rooming house in Philadelphia. His landlady found him kneeling at the side of his bed. In his hand was a copy of Silver Threads among the Gold and across it he had written in pencil "It is hard to grow old alone." The stanza which is most familiar:

Darling, I am growing old
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today
Life is fading fast away
But my darling you will be
Always young and fair to me
Yes, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me

Auto Race — 1895

WHAT is said to have been the first auto race in America was held on Thanksgiving Day, November the 28th, 1895. The starting point was the Midway Plaisance, 55th Street, Chicago. Six entries were made. The northern objective was Davis Street, Evanston and the distance, 55 miles. A heavy fall of snow on Tuesday before Thanksgiving made the going tough. Only two cars finished. The winning car was a Duryea, designed and built by Charles Duryea. The

driver of the car was Frank Duryea and the time—10 hours and 23 minutes. At his side was Archer W. White, one of the umpires. The other car to complete the circle was a Mueller—driven by Oscar Mueller. The Mueller negotiated the distance arriving at the starting point at 8:53 p.m., whereas Duryea arrived at 7:18 p.m. The Duryea car weighed 700 lbs., and was driven by a 4 horse-power motor weighing 120 lbs. There were four speeds forward and one in reverse.

Fifty years after, November 2, 1945, veteran cars were driven over the same course, from 55th St. Museum of Science and Industry to Northwestern University where lunch was served. In the first car was 17 year old Barbara Lohr in a 1910 Sears. She led the procession of 50 antique vehicles. Behind her was Lenox R. Lohr in an Oldsmobile of 1908. Major Lohr was the sponsor of the event.

Chancellor L. Jenks Sr.

THERE are two quiet residential streets in North Evanston—one Jenks Street and another Chancellor Street. In all probability the streets were named by Chancellor L. Jenks Sr. His son Chancellor L. Jenks Jr. lived for many years at 1217 Ridge Avenue, and at one time acted as President of the Historical Society. Thereby hangs a tale which involved not only the Jenks but historic characters of Chicago. The story was told by Edward S. Taylor, orator of the '76 celebration of the dedication of the Fountain to William

C. Levere, also a past president of the Historical Society.

"During the latter part of 1860 (subsequent, as I remember to the election of Mr. Lincoln in that year) one afternoon about six o'clock while seated at dinner, my attention was called to the noise of a passing crowd. I soon learned that a fugitive slave had been captured and was about to be returned to slavery. Hastening to the corner of Clark and Van Buren streets I saw in the custody of a deputy United States Marshall a comely colored girl about 20 years of age. A few weeks earlier she had escaped from bondage and master, and for a week had been in hiding in Chicago. Prompted with hope of reward, she had been betrayed by one of her people, and an agent of the owner, armed with proper papers, was aiding the marshall to secure her return. A crowd of a thousand surrounded the actors in the scene, almost equally divided in their parties, all intensely excited. The slowly moving procession was halted at the corner as a manly man of middle age pressed through the throng and with determined purpose, seized the burly slave driver and hurled him back. Instantly grasping the girl he passed through the crowd, which quickly closed about the officers. The hero of that hour, who with the courage of his faith secured the release of that slave girl was Chancellor L. Jenks. A few days later Mr. Jenks was indicted in the United States court.

A little time later he was tried in the United States court, then held in the Harmon Block, corner of Clark and Washington Streets, before the late Judge Drummond, was found guilty and fined the sum of $1000."

Thus closed the incident which at the time occasioned almost as much excitement as did the firing upon Fort Sumpter, a few months later. A few weeks

ago, shortly before Mr. Jenks started for California, I met him at the Avenue House and referring to this matter, he told me that while stopping at Rockford, I think, some years after the war, he met the southern agent and introduced himself. The agent remarked: 'Yes I remember you. You are the man I would have shot, but the suddenness and daring of the rescue disarmed me and before I had recovered, both you and the slave had escaped.''

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Clark Knaggs

Count your garden by the flowers, never by the leaves that fall
Count your days by golden hours, don't remember clouds at all
Count your night by stars—not shadows
Count your life with smiles—not tears
And with joy on this your birthday, count your age by friends, not years.

THIS birthday greeting was sent to Major Knaggs on his 91st birthday in October, 1936, by the News Index. At that time Major Knaggs said that he had lived in Evanston for 40 years. The family home was at 1311 Maple Avenue. On that occasion he expressed his philosophy of life. "My life has been a romantic one and now as I look back over the years, I believe I value my friends and my acquaintances more than anything else."

"I have always tried to look on the bright side of life. My nickname has been 'Smiling Bob' for many

years. It is much easier to smile one's way through life than frown."

"Evanston has changed a great deal in the past 40 years. I remember one day I counted 77 steamers in the Evanston harbor. Now one hardly ever sees a large boat within a quarter of a mile of the city."

Major Knaggs was a prisoner in the Libby prison at Richmond, Virginia. While in Libby prison he helped lay the plans for the digging of the tunnel through which 111 prisoners escaped the night of Feb. 11th, 1864. Major Knaggs was the postmaster of the prison, being well known to the prison officials, and for this reason remained while others escaped.

Major Knaggs was present and turned the first spade of dirt at the ground breaking for the Masonic Temple at Maple Avenue and Lake Street.

Mrs. Knaggs was in attendance at the Chicago High School. Her maiden name was Laura Hart Stow. She was one of the company of young women in white dresses who preceded the marching men when the Lincoln funeral train came over the trestles of the Illinois Central Railroad. A picture of the scene is shown in Cook's "By Gone Days."

It was estimated by the Tribune that up to midnight 40,000 persons had passed through the rotunda of the Court House. Before the closing of the casket it was estimated that three or four times that number had passed through the rotunda to view the remains of the martyr President.

Peter Cartwright

WHY should a story of Peter Cartwright be included in a story of Evanston? Dr. Amos W. Patten says that Cartwright visited Evanston in May 1868 and that on that occasion he made an address from the east porch of Heck Hall. He was at that time a delegate to the General Conference holding sessions in Chicago. Also he was the father of Mrs. Levi C. Pitner, wife of a prominent real estate man in Evanston. A cursory examination of an Evanston map would disclose sub-divisions by E. C. Pitner. Cartwright, aside from his ministerial duties, took part in the political affairs of the State. He was a member of the legislature in 1828-29 from the Sangamon District. In 1846 he was the Democratic opponent of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln received 6340 votes to Cartwright's 4829. Rev. Peter is sometimes referred to as the "Billy Sunday" of his day. I am sure that he was not as polished a speaker as Billy. As an exhorter none surpassed the pioneer circuit rider. On one occasion he pointed to a lady in front row — "Ye're at the crossroads, sister; ye'll have to choose one or t'other; en the years en the months air gone foremost o'ye, en thars only this here hour left for to choose. Which will it be? Will it be the road thet leads up yander or the one that leads down by the dark river whar the willers air weeping night en day?"

Cartwright was a popular speaker at camp meetings. In all probability he spoke at the Desplaines Camp Meeting although his territory was the southern part of the State. It was not unusual for ruffians to undertake a disturbance at religious meetings. In one of

Peter's meetings a burly ruffian came to the front of the platform and called to the speaker to "dry up." Cartwright left the pulpit, seized the heckler by his coat, gave him a sound threshing, and jammed him into the "amen corner." The speaker, returning to the pulpit, continued with these words, "As I was saying when I was interrupted. . . "

On another occasion General Andrew Jackson attended one of Cartwright's meetings. A minister whispered to the speaker that General Jackson was present. To the amazement of the audience Cartwright exclaimed "Who is General Jackson? If he does not repent of his sins and become converted, he will go to hell like anyone else." General Jackson is said to have had no resentment against the exhorter and after the meeting congratulated him on his sincerity and high moral courage.

There is some evidence that he was opposed to training schools for ministers. If so, he changed his attitude, for he is recorded as a visiting trustee of Garrett Biblical Institute.

The Carneys

AMONG the first settlers in the Grosse Pointe territory were John and James Carney. They came about the year 1835 and acquired a large tract of land north of Dempster Avenue through to Church. John Carney's first house was on the site of the Irving Osborne home at the corner of Ridge Ave. and Greenwood Boulevard. It will be remembered that this was

the home site of George F. Foster, who subsequently sold it to Comstock. John Carney came from Quebec and James from Boston. Both were born in Ireland. J. C. Currey in an interview with Andrew F. Brown in 1900 said that he purchased the Carney holding of 248 acres for the sum of $13,000.00 at the rate of $53 per acre. John Carney died in 1873 at the age of 92. Carney's family consisted of six children; Robert, Mary, Kate, James, William born in Evanston in 1845, and John born in Evanston in 1848. Son John had the distinction of being the first Chief of Police when Oscar H. Mann became the mayor under the city form of government. He had the further distinction of holding that office for 23 years. Prior to the Mann administration he had been a police officer under his brother James, who headed the police department under the village administration. John Carney passed away in September 1899, the family home being at 1506 Asbury Avenue.

John had the reputation of being a born detective and was greatly feared by law breakers. His specialty was ferretting out horse and bicycle thieves, who operated a thriving business along the shore. One of his interesting exploits involved the capture of two horse thieves who had stolen three horses from a Mrs. Ure. Carney followed them to Niles where he lost the trail. At this point the road forked in three directions. Carney guessed the right one by the discovery of a broken whip. Toward evening he espied the thieves just ahead of him. Two were riding and one was leading a third horse. In the pursuit of his prey he came up behind a farmer with a load of hay. He acquainted the farmer with the story. Presently the thieves turned out to let the farmer pass. This was Carney's chance. He seized one by the leg and pulled him off the horse and captured the other by frightening him with his revolver.

The next day he returned to Evanston triumphant, with the two thieves and the three horses.

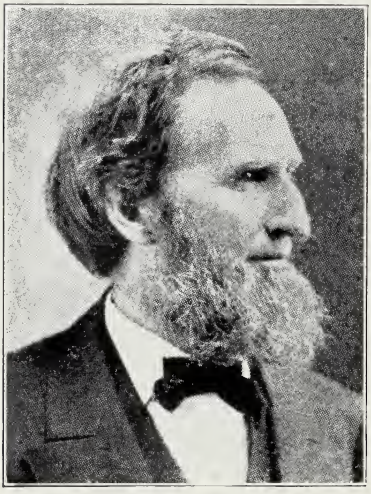
James Carney, a brother of William and John, was a carpenter by trade. In his old age he drove a carriage for George P. Merrick. Driving Mr. Merrick was a recreation for James Carney. One account gives him credit for rescuing passengers and crew of the Lady Elgin.

Frank R. Grover interviewed him on his experiences in old time Evanston; fortunately Mr. Grover left a record of this interview. He remembered quite well the Indian Camp on the site of the Charles Deering property just north of the lighthouse. The Indians were of the Pottowatomie Tribe living in wigwams and huts built partly of logs. James remembered visiting the camp in company with a little black puppy. A few of the Indians followed him home. Very much frightened, he ran away and hid in a haystack. His mother gave the puppy to the Indians. James remembered Indians camping near the Foster pier, at Dempster Street. They fished and remained there during the summer.

He also remembered the stage coaches going through from Chicago to Milwaukee. Evanstonians turned out to see the coaches just as small town residents go down to see the train come in.

Muskrat houses were very numerous in the aristocratic part of Forest Ave. Cows wandered into the swamp and it would be several days before they could get them out. James said he remembered the Indian Chief, Ouilmette. He describes Antoine wearing a coat made of a bright-hued blanket. His statement that Antoine was an Indian Chief was a common error. Ouilmette was a French Trader.

On the Five-Fifteen Circa 1880



Harvey Hurd
Piloted Lincoln Around
Evanston

UNDER date of January 8, 1883, a Daily News reporter attempted to introduce some of the commuters who rode to Evanston and some of the towns north. In the card playing quartet he names David Rutter, dealer in coal. His warm personal friend was L. A. Hartman, but in a card game a formidable opponent. Louis Leonhardt, another member of the foursome, is described as a prosperous fuel and feed dealer. A. N. Young is described as a scientific player—"Arch" Winne, one of the regulars is agent for Black Diamond Steel Co. Dan Shephard evidently was not a card player. He sits well down in his seat behind his heavy black beard and a big cigar. A train character is "Colonel" Henry Kidder. The Colonel traffics in real estate and margins. Henry will be remembered as the son of Dr. D. P. Kidder, 1717 Chicago Avenue. Dr. Kidder's association was with Garrett Biblical Institute. "Jim" Raymond, Secretary and Treasurer and General owner of the Western Railway Association. Jim was the son of Miner Raymond, one of the early pastors of the First Methodist Church. Another mem-

ber of the Methodist Church was T. C. Hoag, who is described as a prosperous merchant, banker, and general money getter. It will be remembered that T. C. Hoag was the organizer of the State Bank and Trust Company. Thomas Lord is described as a daily train traveler and always as punctual as a clock. The Lord House will be remembered as the one demolished to make way for the Rotary International Building. Its distinctive feature was the pipe organ. One of the Lord neighbors was Harvey B. Hurd, who lived at the Southwest corner of Ridge Avenue and Davis Street. Mr. Hurd was also a member of the Methodist Church and a lawyer by profession. Mr. Hurd was a law and real estate partner of Andrew J. Brown, one of the founders of the University. Lest we assume that all of the five-fifteen commuters were Methodists, we introduce George C. Noyes, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Dr. Noyes will be remembered as the man who defended David Swing, a fellow Presbyterian minister charged with heresy. Dr. Noyes is represented as being engaged in a spirited conversation with Frances Willard. Miss Willard was evidently not a daily commuter. Representing another field of endeavor was Andrew Shuman, a journalist. Shuman was given the title of Governor, having occupied the Lieut. Governor's chair at Springfield. The train boy was trying to sell a journal to Charles Comstock and J. H. Kedzie, both Ridge Avenue residents. The Comstock home was formerly the home of George F. Foster. Comstock and Kedzie are sitting together and each is waiting for the other to buy. Both are good waiters. Comstock had just resigned from the Presidency of the Traders Bank. His church relation is St. Mark's Episcopal, where he was one of the two founders. Chancellor L. Jenks is represented as the padrone of the Italian Quarter and Simon Peter Douthart, a lawyer, who when a small

boy, stepped through the ceiling of the First Methodist Church, is the last of the famous Evanstonians taking the five-fifteen from the Northwestern Station.

Volney W. Foster

ON AUGUST 28, 1904, memorial services were held at the Presbyterian for Volney W. Foster, one of Evanston's most prominent and loyal citizens. The Chicago Record Herald of that date says that the Church was filled with his friends and those who had been associated with him in the many organizations in which he had been interested. Speakers included Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. H. P. Smyth of St. Mary's Catholic Church, and the Rev. Charles J. Little of Garrett Biblical Institute. The following organizations took part in the services: Union League Club of which Mr. Foster was a past President; National Business League, Ethical Club, Sheridan Road Association, Holland Society, Sons of the American Revolution and the Evanston Historical Society.

Dr. Hillis said in part:

"Mr. Foster had many admirable traits, but among these high qualities we must make a large place for friendship. He was indeed interested in the production of wealth and the distribution thereof; in politics and reform—If we are to understand Mr. Foster's career we must call the roll of his gifts. He had a powerful physique that endured high pressure

brain action for ten hours a day for thirty years; he had a singularly clear intellect, sanity and poise of judgment, wisdom as opposed to knowledge; he had tact, common sense, wit and humor; he had earnestness, deep conviction, courage and a powerful will; he had also the power of casting himself fully into any cause in which he was interested."

The Foster home was at 1014 Greenwood Boulevard. The house was a large frame structure on 100 feet of ground. One of his projects was the organization of the Back Lot Club, a group of young men brought together for the study of business and politics. For Headquarters they used the rooms over what was then the stable. Subsequently the Literary and Scientific Club met there.

Mr. Foster was known as the Father of Sheridan Road, whose dream was that he might live to see the Drive measured by many more miles beside the Lake. He did not live to see the procession of pleasure cars which pass every hour over the beautiful drive. Mr. Foster was also known as the man who brought the squirrels to Evanston. If he was, we are profoundly grateful to him.

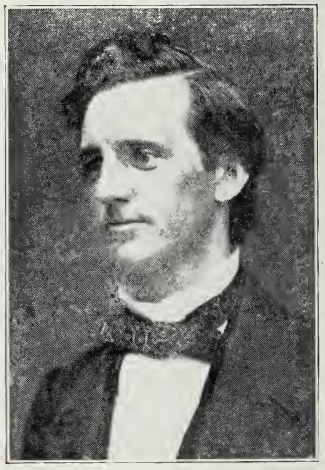
Volney Foster occupied a high place in the councils of the Republican Party. Commenting on the appointment of Volney W. Foster as one of the five delegates from the United States to the International Conference of American States to be held in the City of Mexico, the Mexican Herald had this to say of him—"It is to be hoped that Mr. Foster's arrangements will enable him to accept the appointment, as he is persona gratissima in Mexico's most representative circles both official and social."

Death came to Mr. Foster at the age of 56. Not many men of his age had attained his measure of success.

At the time of his death he was President of the United States Repair and Guaranty Company; the United States Silica Company; the Chicago, Kenosha and Milwaukee Electric Railway Co. He was also interested in the North Shore Gas Company of which his son, Albert Volney Foster was Vice President.

Northwestern Female College

FINANCIAL difficulties prevented Evanston from claiming a Vassar or a Wellesley College. It all started about the year 1856 and was first conceived in the mind of William P. Jones. The founder was the son of the Rev. W. P. Jones, a Methodist minister for a half century. How often it happens that our leaders are born in a parsonage. Prof. Jones held the position of President of the Northwestern Female College from the founding in 1855 to 1862, when President Lincoln appointed him Consul to China. Our Evanston institution is best known by its association with its most prominent alumna, Frances E. Willard. Miss Willard succeeded Prof. Jones as President and when the college merged with Northwestern



Prof. Wm. P. Jones
Founder and First President of Northwestern Female College

University Miss Willard became Dean of the Woman's College.

Evanston's new College was housed in a four story building located on Chicago Avenue between Lake Street and Greenwood Blvd. The building had many wings and you reached the front door by climbing ten or a dozen steps.

Northwestern Female College

In her report to the trustees of Northwestern University Dean Willard said: "Daily prayer services are conducted in the Chapel; weekly prayer meetings are maintained, and the Sabbath is carefully honored. Personal counsel and advice are given when needed and more immediate attention upon matters pertaining to health and morals is bestowed upon the younger girls. A home is a determining influence in the education for life; in the home the *inmates* pass three-fourths of every day."

The Commencement program for 1870 announces that Miss Lilly Romeyn Winne is to give the Salutatory Address in Latin. Miss Winne was undoubtedly one of the members of that well known family. Other items on the program include: "There's Room Up Higher," "Onward," "The Marble Cross," "Drifting," "Geology and Man" and "Neglect Not the Gift That is In Thee." These weighty subjects were relieved somewhat by a sprinkling of items which were titled "Music."

Outdoor exercises and games were not neglected. The grounds referred to as the "campus" had croquet grounds, and a skating rink. Strolling by the lake was permitted if taken in day time or in the evening with a chaperone.

One writer refers to the student life as the life of a cloister or a "sheltered life." To this college must go the credit for the first printed newspaper in Evanston. The first issue of the Casket and Budget appeared in December 1858. The first copy of eight pages contained the latest "news flashes," and a poem signed F. E. W. Your guess is correct, the author, Frances E. Willard.

Northwestern University with its male enrollment was only a few blocks away. No males were allowed on the Female College campus. William C. Levere, a former president of the Historical Society who always wrote most entertainingly of the early history had this to say in August 7th number of the News Index of 1914:

> "There is still standing on Chicago Avenue just a few doors north of Davis Street a little house in green and gray which was in those days the village store and was later to become more dignified by having the village post office installed there. The proprietor was a goodly man, who made due al-

lowances for the harmless escapades of youth and was known as the friend of students, both boys and girls. They liked to meet at his store, but this was dangerous, for the fair ones were forbidden to cross its threshold. Dangerous it was, for it harbored two kinds of sweets—college youths and candy. Many were the meetings of campus swains and as they feasted on goodies from the stock of the early mer-

Rebecca Childs
First Woman Graduate
Northwestern University

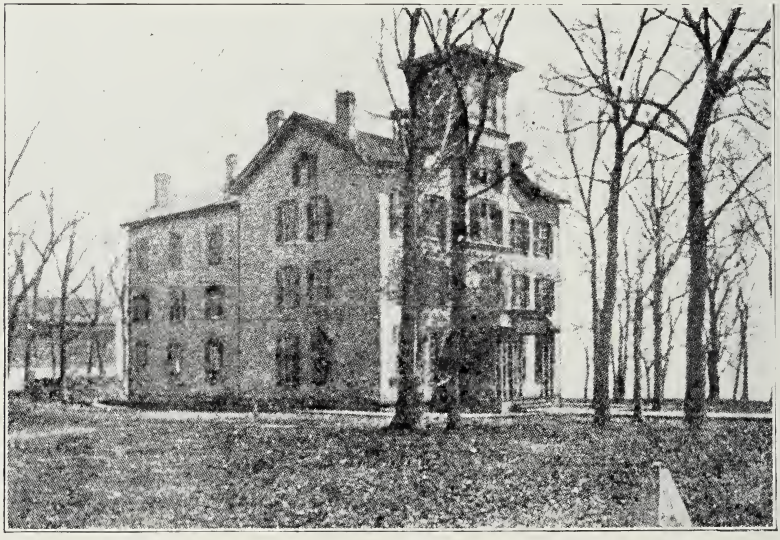
chant, they would keep a weather eye toward the path which led to the store, and if from either direction any argus-eyed teacher was seen approaching, flight was resorted to.

"The exchange of pleasantries became so interesting one day that the four participants forgot their usual caution, and to their horror, they saw one of the strictest of their instructors almost under the eaves of the house. The girls, panic stricken, turned to the storekeeper for succor. As quick witted as he was kindly, the good man hurried them back of the counter and in under it; and here they were safely hidden until the teacher had made the necessary purchase and departed. After that the counter became a regular place of refuge in the hour of

danger, and many a dignified society leader of today smiles as she looks back through the years and remembers herself, a pink cheeked daughter of love hiding beneath the counter while the good man of trade and her student beau carried on polite conversation concerning the weather and airy nothings about anything in particular, until the enemy had gone his way."

Mr. Levere continues:

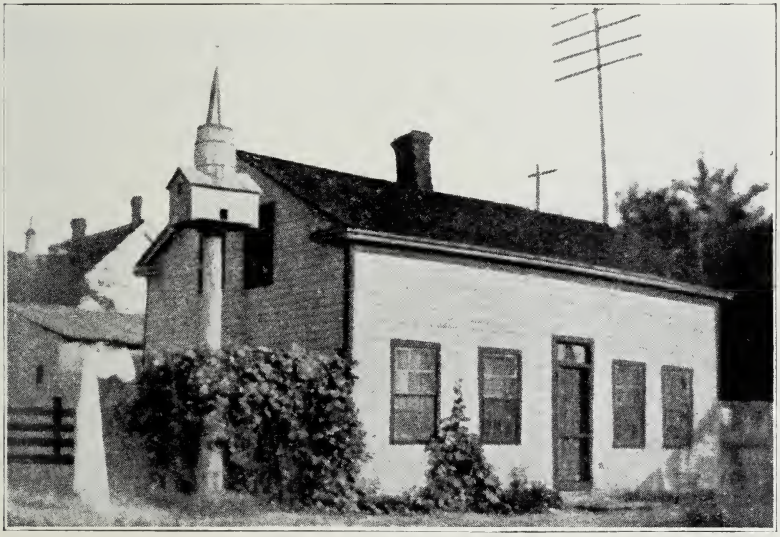
"When I came to Evanston the School had long since been swallowed by Northwestern University. The building had been removed to a site on Chicago Avenue on the west side of the street, three doors north of Clark Street. It was being used as a student boarding house, and I had two front rooms on the top floor, at a rental which would drive a modern landlord insane. It was then known as "The Lakeside" but in a few years it became so tumbled down



Old College — First Building of Northwestern University at Hinman Avenue and Davis Street

it took on the more striking name of 'The Asylum.' Permit me to add this was after I had moved to other quarters. My landlord was Frederick Huse, who will be remembered by early Evanstonians."

"There is at least one portion of the old college building still doing service. It is on the north side of Davis Street between Forest and Judson Avenues, and is used as a residence. It will be recognized by the Square tower on a corner of the building. Another portion stood for many years on the corner of Church Street and the alley in the rear of the public library building. If the walls which still stand could and would speak, I imagine that the stories I have told would not be an instance to the tale they would unfold."

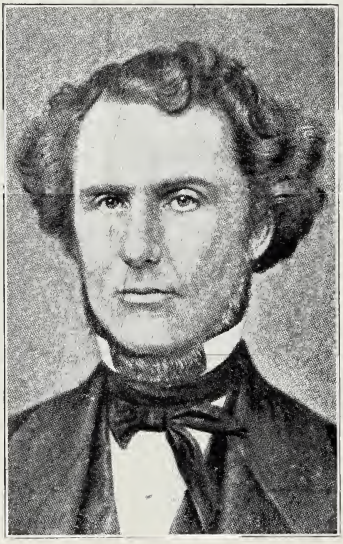


Snyder Farm House
Snyder Farm Second Purchase of the University

(Bonbright et al)
University Professors

University Hall

Elizabeth Boynton Harbert
Founder of Woman's Club



Clark Hinman
First President of
the University

Peter Miller

"PETER MILLER, Harness Maker," so the sign read over the shop at 1568 Sherman Avenue. Peter was a victim of the changing times. Autos displaced horses. He then turned to making harnesses for dogs. Again the department stores furnished the article at a price that stifled competition. Peter was born in Dunning, Perthshire, Scotland. He came to Evanston in 1882. He was first employed in Christ Thomas' Shop where he made $12 per week. Later he went into business for himself at the Sherman Avenue address, where he continued for 43 years. Peter had a passion for a better world, that is the world of the working man. He thought socialism furnished the answer. I remember as a student attending some of the socialist meetings. Party members met on Sunday evenings when Social themes would be sung set to Christian hymns. Peter claimed to be the most defeated candidate in Evasnton. He headed the ticket for Mayor in 1903 and 1905. Several times he had a place on the ticket for minor offices.

In World War I the Pro-Germans took over the party machinery. Patriotic Americans were forced to resign and that brought an end to the party locally. Peter was a member of the Evanston Scottish Society and the Saint Andrews Society. His latter days were spent quietly at 1505 Maple Avenue.

Tempo

TEMPO at the turn of the century did not produce heart failures—I glean this from the Index of 1904. "Electric car 5479 was thundering past Lee Street when the motorman in charge suddenly bent forward to look at the track ahead of him. A little black spot appeared about half a block away. The passengers wondered why the motorman beat his gong so furiously when they could see nothing in the way. They wondered more when midway in the block he stopped his car, alighted and walked on ahead a few yards. They saw him stoop to the level of the street and pick up a tiny sparrow. It had been wounded and in trying to fly with one wing broken had fallen piteously on the tracks. The motorman picked up the bird carefully and carried it to safety. Then he started the car and made up for lost time."

On my first trip to Evanston I rode the elevated to Wilson Avenue, then took the Broadway car to the City Limits, where another transfer was made to an Evanston car. When we reached Kedzie Street and Chicago Avenue, the motorman stopped the car and proceeded leisurely to an artesian well where he quenched his thirst, after which we proceeded to Davis Street.

The McDowell-Childs-Eldridge-Price House

ANY one of the above names would be applied to designate the old frame house which stood at the northeast corner of Sherman Avenue and Lake Street. The name you select would depend upon your generation.

The McDowells were probably the first family to occupy the house. Mary McDowell, the daughter, was a welfare worker associated with Jane Addams and Hull House. John A. Childs and family lived there from 1885 to 1892. Mr. Childs was one of Evanston's early postmasters and a publisher of the Evanston Index. George W. Price moved into the house in 1893. His daughters, Mrs. Stella M. Eldridge and Miss Anna Price were the last owners before the demolition in 1939. No one seems to remember when it was first built. Colonel William P. Turner declared that it was there when he came to Evanston in 1871. John B. Flood, an old timer who said that he chased the Indians out of Wilmette, said that he could not remember when the house was built. Mrs. Eldridge said that she would miss the bed of lillies of the valley, the clump of lilac and the ferns planted far back in Evanston's past. The Prices did not modernize by wiring for electric lights. Mrs. Eldridge and her sister Miss Price thought the candlelight and the lamps fitted so well with their soft glow into the mahogany and walnut furniture. The old lamps which originally cost 50c were reserved when

the house was sold. Mrs. Eldridge stated that they were collectors items and would probably sell for $18.00 apiece.

Toll Roads

THE recent revival in interest in toll roads brings up the question of roads in the early 50's. Toll roads were common, the rights being held by individuals and not by the public. John A. Pearsons and Frank H. Benson operated a toll road between Evanston and Chicago. There was a regular procedure under the state law whereby a road could be constructed and tolls collected for its use. The material might be plank or gravel. The road constructed by Pearson and Benson was a gravel turnpike and toll gates were installed at Rogers Avenue and Clark Street, and one at Graceland. The County Board was empowered with the right to take possession of the road and refund the promoters the value of the improvements to be ascertained under the law of "eminent domain." One of the promoters of toll roads in the early days was Amos J. Snell. His system of roads was known as "the Snell roads." Snell was foully murdered in his Chicago home in 1888 and robbed of a large amount of money at the same time. One of his toll keepers who was stationed at Belmont and Elston, where he served for fourteen years, said in a newspaper interview that he took in more money than any other gate keeper. He further related that one Sunday when several Bohemian and Polish picnics

were going on in Niles and Des Plaines, he took in $790.00 in one day. The average gate receipts for a day was $400, according to the gate keeper.

Toll Gate House at Clark Street and Indian Boundary Line

Robert Oatman Vandercook

ROBERT VANDERCOOK was one of the few men of my acquaintance who had a passion for old time Evanston history. He was also a philosopher. Many of his utterances came out of the white heat of his experiences. His latter days were spent at 2610 Harrison Street. Death came to him a few days before his 85th birthday. A few events in his life have been gleaned from his obituary, Evanston Review, June 14, 1951. He founded the Evanston Press January 5, 1889. As a boy his plaything was a printing press which he purchased from his brother for $1.50. As a student he founded a corporation known as the University Press Company, which was a predecessor to the present University Press. For the first six years the Evanston Press was published in the Simpson Market Building, the present Chandler corner. Frances Willard was one time a contributor to the Press. The highlight of Mr. Vandercook's career came at the close of the Spanish American War, when the Evanston Press was sold in the Loop. We will let Mr. Vandercook tell this story, which he did in a communication to the Historical Society. In 1908 he established the Vandercook Press for the manufacture of proof presses. This is too long a story for record here except to say that the patents which he held gave him financial independence. He pursued his hobbies of traveling by air and traveling in Europe and South America. We are quoting two of his communications to the Historical Society, the first of which is so full of color of the early history of Evanston that we are quoting it in full. The second tells the romantic story of the scoop dated July

4, 1898, the headlines being: "Ceveras Fleet Annihilated" and "Samson Verifies Destruction of the Daring Spanish Fleet."

WHEN EVANSTON WAS A VILLAGE

By Robert O. Vandercook

I was brought to Evanston in 1876. That was about the time the first water works in Evanston was started. It was my duty as a small boy to go out into the garden and pump the water for the daily use. We lived on the corner of Church Street and Orrington Avenue.

Most of Evanston's life then circulated around the University and First Methodist Church. There were other sections of the town that had a more worldly trend. A block east on Chicago avenue lived the Bannisters, famous in Garrett Biblical Institute history. Down the street was what is now called Rest Cottage. It was the home of Frances Willard. In the block was the Pearson residence. Harry Pearson, a former mayor of Evanston, was very much of an infant some years later. Across the street was Dr. Bragdon's residence, showing as it does now the typical architecture of the 80's. Next was the Hitt residence, built in 1856 which is now one of the purest types of architecture in the city. Around the corner on Clark street was the Hemingway home for whom Hemingway M.E. Church was named. On the corner of Church street was the home of Oliver Marcy, one of the most beloved teachers in the University.

The headquarters of the gang was the Hitt house. The great barn, where the horses and cows were kept, was a hangout for the gang. Among the gang was "Puss" Willard, a niece of Frances Willard, very much of a tomboy, but yet a beautiful girl.

On the corner of Clark street the Ayres lived, an

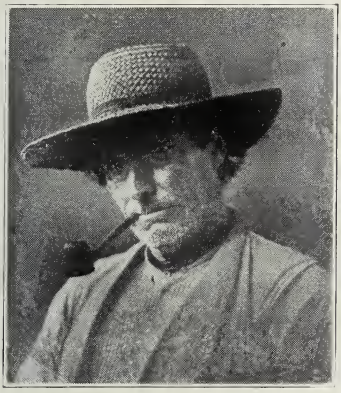
Uncle to Charlie Ayres, who as an architect built a number of homes in Evanston. Across the street several years later, moved the Harrises. The boy, Albert, is now head of the Harris Trust & Savings Bank of Chicago. There were the Willard boys, nephews of Frances Willard, Bob and Frank. Both these boys had lively careers. Frank found his highest satisfaction in life by bumming around the country with tramps. He wanted to go to Europe so he stowed away on a liner. On the way over he received a very severe blow on the head which knocked him unconscious for sometime. When he recovered in London, his brain seemed to have settled down to normalcy. He began to write. He wrote stories of tramp life under the name of Josiah Flint, which became one of the biggest sellers in the early 80's.

In the neighborhood were the Merwins. The father of Sam and Henry. O. H. Merwin was one of the early postmasters of Evanston. Both of these boys achieved considerable literary distinction. Sam was sent over to the Orient by "The Success" magazine, and he gave vivid pictures of the conditions in China and Japan. Henry became editor of "The Golden Book." He went to London and made strong literary connections. Sam cooperated with Icky Webster on a story called "The Short Line War." It dealt with fights and battles over the right of way with early western railroads.

When Frances Willard returned from her strenuous trips, she used to gather together her old friends and she was the life of the party. She threw aside all her restraints and let herself go. No newspaper account was given of the high old times that were had at what was then known just as the Willard home.

The great event of the year was a G.A.R. parade. The Chicago Avenue gang of boys or more often called

"The Hitt gang," had the thrill of their lives as the veterans went marching by to the strains of the fife and bugle. William Turner with Lt. Pearson, William Sheppard, George Monteith, and many others who achieved distinction in the Civil War.



Monteith — the "Old Rustic" This Picture Awarded Prize at Philadelphia Centennial

Before the fourth of July every boy of the gang began to save his pennies with which to buy black powder. That was preferred because there was a lot more noise in black powder with relation to cost, than firecrackers and most of us had small cast iron cannons. Some kind fate must have watched over those reckless youngsters that kept them from being blown to bits by the reckless handling of the explosives. It was found by the economical, that the more solidly the charge was rammed down the greatest amount of noise could be obtained with the least expense. One youngster rammed his charge down the cannon so hard with wads, grass, and everything it would hold, that the entire charge came out of the touch hole. As the cannon leaped back, the blaze struck the face of the boy which burned off his eyebrows and took the skin off of his nose. By what decree of fate was his eyesight saved? In later years he used that eyesight to very great advantage.

The gang all went to the Benson avenue school. Among the teachers in the primary grades was Miss Hines. Her kindly intuition turned many a boy and girl on the right path. Her grateful pupils after they had reached adulthood, contributed a comfortable support to her declining years.

About that time, most prominent citizens of Evanston had their own cows and chickens. It was one of the duties of the gang to go out to the pastures and drive the family cows home. That was one of the reasons why fences were necessary in front of every residential block.

It really seems that there was more real contentment and happiness in those village days where everybody knew everybody else and the hand of sympathy was most generously extended whenever calamity or misfortune struck.

EVANSTON DURING THE SPANISH WAR

By Robert O. Vandercook

The Spanish War was at the height of its interest. All the Chicago papers had suspended publication because of a strike in the mechanical department. The younger generation can now hardly appreciate that at that time there was no radio, and no news of the great war was circulated in Chicago and vicinity. The opportunity was grabbed by the Evanston Press. Arrangements were made with the Associated Press for their wire. Rennie Hitt, for a long time resident of Evanston, and afterwards for many years a judge in the municipal court in Washington, became our special Washington correspondent. Three editions of the Press were brought out a day, morning, noon, and night. Up to midnight, Friday, July 3rd, the wires from the Associated Press were most discouraging and depressing. At midnight came a long wire from our special

representative, Rennie Hitt, giving the first information in this part of the country of the destruction of Ceveras' fleet. Hitt got his message to us way in advance of the Associated Press wires. He filed it before the Associated Press could get priority on the wire.

The copy only made a comparatively few sticks of type composition. I had plenty of compositors to handle the job before we had to go to press at 6:00 in the morning.

There was wild exaltation at the Press office. Sam Peeny, the water works engineer who ran the fog horn, was called by phone. When he heard Hitt's telegram, he gave a whoop and started the fires under his fog horn (there was no fog that night). Soon the shrill shriek of the horn was heard for miles around. All the ministers of Evanston were phoned too, and soon all the church bells of the town began ringing.

Thousands of people soon gathered around the Press office which was then in the Park building, between the two railroad tracks. My foreman and the compositors went out to mix with the crowd. The spirits circulated at that time were very potent. The messenger boy was sent to round up the men. When they came into the shop, not a one of them was sober, or could work. Was the Press going to lose the biggest scoop of the world? No! The addresses of some compositors who worked in Chicago, but lived in Evanston were known. The messenger boy went to their homes, and told them the story. Several compositors responded to the call, and they were sufficient number to set the type, but there was not a "make up" man in the lot. It was therefore up to me to make up the pages. I had already been in the office for over 36 hours, meals being sent to me. "Make up" takes accurate touch which is ordinarily rather a nice job, but for an exhausted man, it is quite difficult.

The pressman was Frank Hahn, brother of John Hahn, who was once a candidate for mayor, and is very well known in the municipal affairs of Evanston. Frank reported as usual at 6:00 a.m. The forms had just been locked up and tested; the type lifted. As Frank took the heavy forms off the stones, the great strain was over and I fell in a faint on the floor. When I came to, my head was soaked in cold water. A crowd was already surging around the Press office. The doors had to be locked, and the papers, as fast as printed, were handed out a window. News boys were grabbing for papers which were sold for 5c each. One news boy, when reaching up his hands for more papers, shouted, "I just sold a paper for half a dollar to the mayor of Chicago." That excitement continued for about two hours, until the papers from neighboring cities began to arrive.

I believe the files of the Evanston Newspapers will show that the Evanston Index got out one edition, issued after the big scoop on the destruction of Ceveras' fleet. There are quite a few old-time merchants on Davis street who vividly remember those times.

Samuel E. Kiser and Wilbur Dick Nesbit

KISER and Nesbit frequently appeared on the same program. Both confessed to being "writers." Mr. and Mrs. Nesbit lived in a house at the northeast corner of Sheridan Road and Milburn St.

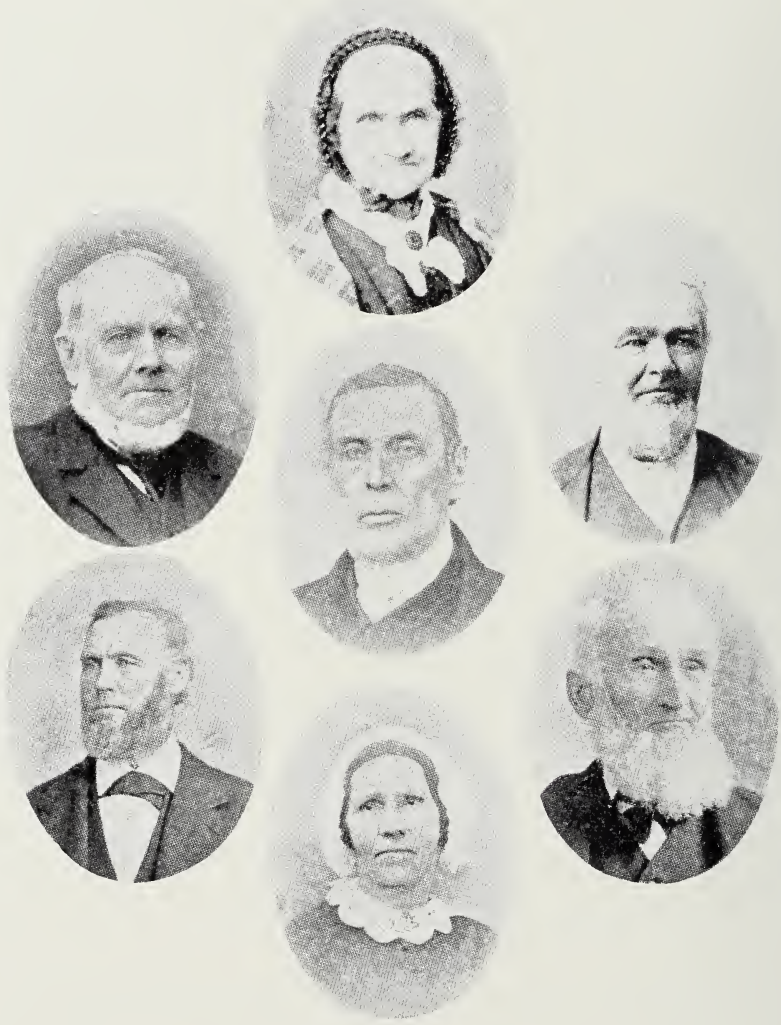
When Milburn Park was promoted, the Nesbit house was found to be too large to move through the streets so the movers devised the scheme of cutting it in two and rejoining the halves on a lot fronting on Euclid Park Place. Mr. and Mrs. Kiser lived at 726 Clinton Street. At that time there were no houses to the north. Orrington School was still in the blueprint stage.

W.D.N. followed B.L.T. as line master of A Line of Type or Two in the Chicago Tribune. He once wrote a verse which would have given him immortality if he had written no other. It first appeared in 1900 and was written for the Vollard Company, presumably for a greeting card. It sold by the hundred thousands and is still selling as big as ever. I can attest to its popularity. Only recently did I see the version framed and hanging in a Kenilworth home. For Nesbit admirers I quote:

"All to myself
I think of you
Think of the things
I used to do
Think of the things
We used to say
Think of each golden yesterday
Sometimes I sigh
Sometimes I smile
But I keep each
old golden while
All to myself."

These lines from Kisers poems always intrigued me:

"Where the snow had drifted oer the land
I saw a sweet young mother stand
A babe was lying on her breast
to keep it warm



Early Pioneers

In later years I passed once more
A boy was lying on her knee
And suffering Joshua! how she
Was warming him.''

A History of Block 54

THIS is a tall story. I heard it from Robert P. Brown, son of Andrew J. Brown, one of the founders of the University. The elder Brown was a young Chicago lawyer who was also real estate minded. His son would have no reason for coloring the facts. I have no doubt that some of the figures quoted could be checked by resorting to an examination of the County Records. Block 54 is bounded by Maple Avenue, Lake Street, Oak Ave., and Grove Street. The block was originally a part of the Carney farm of 140 acres. According to Robert P., his father's house was at the Maple-Grove corner, now the site of the Y.M.C.A. Building. Another house and barn were at the Lake-Oak corner. Robert remembers that there was a curving drive from the house diagonally to the southwest corner. One acre was given over to a garden and the rest was nature's woodland populated with blue-jays and robins. Occasionally a brown thrush or a bright oriole visited this garden of Eden. Mr. Brown remembered little yellow gophers with stripes down their backs, diving into their holes when humans approached. Of the tame fowls there were chickens, ducks, turkeys, which they would let out at four o'clock. One day there was an eclipse of the sun, and all mem-

bers of the bird family went to bed early. All of this happened in the early 1860's.

The first parcel to be sold was the present site of the City Hall. The sale was to the Country Club. At that time the House was moved north to 1505 Oak Avenue. Here the elder Brown lived until his death in 1906. The widow, Abby L. Brown, continued to live at the Oak Avenue address until her death. It will be remembered that she was present at the dedication of the First Methodist Church on the Library Grounds and later witnessed the unveiling of the tablet by the Kickers Club in July 1913.

I started out to tell a real estate story. Here are the transactions as related by Robert P. Brown, who lived not three score and ten but four score and ten. He relates that his father sold the 450 feet on Maple Avenue for $25,000, the 244 feet on Grove St. was sold for $15,000, and the Country Club site for $25,000. This left the home site on Oak Avenue, which he appraised at $10,000—the original investment was $500. Over a period of 40 years it produced a value of $75,000.

The Mikado

WAY back in 1892 the Mikado was given in the open air. The opera was given for the benefit of the Evanston Emergency Hospital which at that time was being operated in a small house on Emerson Street. The staging was at the northwest corner of Davis Street and Judson Avenue. Midsummer Night's

Dream had been done on the open ground, but the committee in charge voted for a regular stage and twenty loggias, ten on each side, all draped with bamboo and bunting. Seating capacity was provided for 1400. Decorations were designed by W. L. Wells. A mammoth Japanese umbrella canopied each box, the boxes being separated by bamboo work. The Tribune writer reported that fairy lamps added their sparkle and weird effect.

Marshall Kirkman, Vice President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, acted as auctioneer for the sale of the boxes. The following Evanston citizens paid $30 to $50 for the boxes: John H. Kedzie, Hugh R. Wilson, Mrs. Sherman, Frank M. Elliot, F. A. Hardy, W. H. Brown, Curtis H. Remy, C. H. Matthews, P. R. Shumway, F. S. Peabody, B. A. Mudge, and M. M. Kirkman. Performances were given on Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee of the first week and Monday night of the second week. Mrs. George Noyes sang the part of Yum-Yum and William Richards the part of Poo-Bah. Both were members of the choir at the Presbyterian Church. Other members of the cast were: Mikado, J. N. Crampton; Nanki Poo, Grafton Baker; Koki, William A. Baker; Pish-Tush, David A. Noyes; Nee Bau, Thomas Richards; Pitti Sing, Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt; Peep Bo, Mrs. William L. Vance; Katisha, Mrs. William G. Spinning; William A. Baker acted as Director. The chorus was reported to be remarkably pretty. As a further evidence of the truth of this fact it was cited that the first five rows of seats were filled by the young men of the town. Rehearsing covered a period of one month. A strike was threatened by the little boys in the Robin Hood tinker chorus if the young ladies of the garland dance took first place in the Grand March. A compromise was reached. Gross receipts were $3700, which, after a

deduction of $1500 for expenses, left $2200 for the hospital, a tidy sum for the year 1892.

He Never Quit

THE next time you are on the Campus of the University stop and read the following inscription on a bronze tablet:

In Honor of
David Thomas Hanson
Arts 1905 - Med. 1909
Captain Medical Corps, 142nd
Infantry, United States Army.
Cited by the French Government
for bravery,—An officer of
great courage at St. Etienne,
Oct. 8th, 1918. He rushed to
the aid of a wounded man and was
killed.
He was a model of devotion,
Awarded the Croix de Guerre after
death.
A student beloved of his associates,
generous, persistent, self-sacri-
ficing. He gave himself without
reserve to his Alma Mater and to
his country.
By the Alumni
Nov. 1922
He played four years on the scrubs—
He never quit.

"Dave played football at Northwestern four years but he never got his letter. He was a member of the scrub team, those luckless young men who take the hard knocks from the varsity. For Dave there was no applause, no glory, never once did his name appear in the line up. But he never quit."

The War Department records show that "he was a best beloved officer of his division, and his tragic death makes clear the fact that his devotion to his men led him to make the supreme sacrifice. He was shot by a machine gun bullet while performing an act of heroism in rescuing a wounded comrade."

The O'Leary Family

MR. AND MRS. JOHN O'LEARY came to Evanston in the early eighteen thirties. They came to Chicago by canal boat and settled on land where Calvary Cemetery is now located. A part of the farm was sold to the Catholic Bishop of Chicago. The largest grave yard at that time was located in Lincoln Park. The purchase price of the 160 acres is said to have been on a basis of 60c per acre. The O'Leary farmhouse was near the entrance to Calvary Cemetery. A huge oak tree stood close to the house and it was under this tree that the first Catholic Mass was said. A massive table now in the possession of St. Mary's Church, draped with linen, furnished the altar.

The O'Learys at one time conducted a tavern at the Cemetery address, the building being subsequently moved to 1209 Chicago Avenue. Some years ago I called

and inspected a cabin door which Mr. O'Leary had saved from the wreck of the Lady Elgin.

The O'Leary family was a large one, the most colorful member being Ellen O'Leary Lynch. Her last home was at 1604 Jonquil Terrace, Chicago. The parcel of ground upon which the house was built was a part of the original O'Leary farm. Ellen Lynch passed the century mark by one year. On her hundredth birthday August 29, 1938, she lighted 100 candles on her birthday cake. The Chicago Tribune in their story of the birthday party described Mrs. Lynch as matriarchial. "She wore a festive lace collarette pinned at her breast with a cameo brooch, a pin worn by her mother. Her hair was described as soft white, knotted on top of her head in a fashion so old it is new again."

One of Ellen's sisters married Phillip Rogers, who owned a large farm to the south of the O'Leary farm, giving the name of Rogers Park to that part of Chicago. Another interesting story could be told in which the Rogers family would play an important role.

The Margarita Club, located at 1564 Oak Avenue, formerly at Lake Street and Oak Avenue, was named by Father H. P. Smythe in honor of Margaret O'Leary, mother of Ellen O'Leary Lynch. A brother, David O'Leary, was one of Evanston's first postmasters. David studied for the priesthood and for a time was one of the pastors at St. Mary's Catholic Church. At the time of his death he was a professor at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana.

Dr. Chas. A. P. Garnsey

IN OUR story of early Evanston we have stated that the first telephone exchange was in Dr. Garnsey's office. Dr. Garnsey had some other firsts to his credit. He was a passenger on the first street car in Chicago. In 1924 he stated that he had practiced dentistry in Evanston for 53 years. This would probably give him the honor of being the first dentist in Evanston. In July 1858 he commenced the study and practice of dentistry in Chicago. When he had served his apprenticeship, he enlisted in the Illinois Light Artillery "Chicago Board of Trade Battery" for the war. The doctor's war record was an enviable one. His battery was engaged in 36 battles. He was wounded by an exploding shell at Farming, Tenn. After a short period of convalescence, he again returned to his company and served to the end of the war.

In an interview with a News Index reporter under date of January 22, 1924, Dr. Garnsey described his first visit to Evanston:

"One Sunday afternoon in 1859 he journeyed on foot to a friend's farm which is now the site of St. Francis Hospital on Ridge Avenue. Asking where Evanston was, he was told to keep on walking for two miles and he would come to a little red railroad station which was Evanston. To find Northwestern, then under the process of construction, he was to walk northeast through a cow path that would lead him to the site of the school.

"Following instructions, the doctor arrived at the little red depot. But then he became lost, and wandering down the lane that is now Davis Street he en-

countered a swamp. This swamp was directly where Fountain Square is today. Two stores and a small blacksmith shop was all that Evanston boasted of in the way of shops."

Dr. Garnsey said further that he patrolled the beach at Lake View at the time of the Lady Elgin disaster, when 300 lives were lost. Dr. Garnsey witnessed the raising of the old Tremont House twelve feet on three thousand jack screws. He witnessed the Chicago fire from his office at Wabash Avenue and Washington St.

Dr. Garnsey at the time of this interview was 82 years old, mentally and physically as alert as ever. The doctor stated on that occasion that he had never used intoxicants, nor tobacco, nor profanity and that he lived with a profound faith in Jehovah.

Dr. Garnsey lived six years longer, his death taking place in February 1931. He is buried in Rose Hill Cemetery. Military honors were given by the Spanish War Veterans.

First Apartment Buildings

IN 1953 I made some investigation into the oldest apartment building in Evanston. I did not come to a very definite conclusion. When multiple dwellings were first suggested and promoted, the scheme met with great resistance. Building regulations were made much more drastic in an attempt to keep Evanston a city of homes, which meant a city of one family houses.

The record indicates that the Hereford Building at the southeast corner of Church Street and Chicago Ave-

nue was built in the year 1900. Myron Hunt was the architect. I managed the building in the year 1908. At that time the owner was Nony Williams. Her heirs sold to John C. Nevins. Dr. Sarah H. Brayton, one of the first women doctors, occupied the first floor apartment on the corner. Another occupant was Mrs. T. P. Stanwood, one of the first Presidents of the Woman's Club.

One of the contenders for the honor of being the first apartment building would be the four flat at the northeast corner of Judson Avenue and Dempster Street.

On Michigan Avenue in the 1200 block is the Melwood Building. The name was formed by the first and last syllables of Meloy and Lockwood, original promoters of the building. Many a young married couple set up their first home in the Melwood Building.

Patterson L. McKinnie built some of the first buildings in South Evanston. One of them is at the southwest corner of Hinman Avenue and Lee Streets. If you examine the rear stairways of this building you will find them built of iron. This is an example of the attempt to discourage this type of investment by making the building regulations conform to fire prevention regulations. In the long view it was to the interest of the investor. Another McKinnie Building is at the corner of Judson Avenue and Main Street. He also built a commercial building at the corner of Main Street and Chicago Avenue.

Evanston's first zoning ordinance was passed in 1921. Prior to that date piecemeal zoning was resorted to as a stopgap to prevent speculative builders buying corners in residential sections. After a corner was acquired it would be quietly announced that a building was projected and in some instances led to the neighbors purchasing the vacant to protect their homes against the invasion of the multiple residential building.

Perpetual Scholarships

AFTER the purchase of the Foster tract, the University was confronted with the task of procuring funds to erect buildings. A campaign to sell scholarships was launched which consumed the energy of the entire organization for several years. The purchase of a scholarship for $100 gave the holder the right to send his children one at a time to Northwestern, tuition free, and forever thereafter the children of his descendants, provided the devise was "made by will." This would, of course, impose an intolerable burden upon the University. Fortunately the University had an out in the provision that they must be "passed by will," specifically mentioned and duly probated. Later the University restricted the benefits to members of the male sex only. The total amount raised from these scholarships was $100,000. Assuming that the holders of these scholarships complied legally with the provision, 1000 students might be attending the University under the original grants.

Therese Study Porter

1024 Lake Shore Drive was probably the best known house in Evanston, at least to Chicagoans of the thirties and forties. It was the home of the "mystery car." Sightseeing buses were often seen to stop in front of

the house to view the ancient car under the porte-cochere. The folklore story ran something like this: Mrs. Porter, former owner and occupant of the house, as a radiant bride was already to depart with her husband on a honeymoon trip to the East; the car was standing in the drive all ready for the trip when her young husband dropped dead. The car was never moved thereafter. The story, like the story of Ann Rutledge and Abraham Lincoln, was too good to let die. In spite of repeated denials by Mrs. Porter the story persisted. Mrs. Porter told me the crowds would trample over her lawn and even broke the glass in an endeavor to get a peek at the inside of the famous auto.

Mrs. Porter and her husband were much interested in mechanics. She told me that she and her husband drove the first car south of Indianapolis in 1904.

She was often seen on Davis Street riding in an antiquated Electric. She was fond of animals, especially her dogs which were her constant companions.

In her latter days she continued to live at the Lake Shore address. Evanstonians will remember the broken glass in the windows which she never replaced. Some old furniture adorned the front porch and the large lot was allowed to go back to the jungle. It was reported that she had no heat save a gas grate, and when neighbors furnished her with food it was shared with the pets first.

Death came to the elderly recluse on Sept. 12, 1953. Her father, Thomas J. Study, was a prominent attorney of Richmond, Indiana. It was reported that she had prepared a will in 1940, but at last account it had not been found. The *Chicago Tribune* under date of September 23rd, 1953, is authority for the statement that $64,600 was found in her safety box in-

cluding $3,000 in Federal Government Bonds. Her estate was estimated to be in the neighborhood of $300,000.

Under date of June 23rd, 1955, the *Chicago Daily News* reported that a diary kept by Mrs. Porter had come to light. She registered comments in her diary on current events with an observation that American Telephone and Telegraph was a "good buy." Regarding animals she recorded: "Animals protect you. They do not talk back. They are the only true friends man has."

It is interesting to note that of the five cousins who contested the will, the youngest was 86 and the oldest 101 years of age. Judge Julius Miner awarded the five cousins $22,500 and the balance of the estate went to the Anti-Cruelty Society, the Orphans of the Storm, the North Side Animal Shelter, and the National Audubon Society.

Ernest Fremont Tittle

IN 1918 a committee journeyed to Columbus, Ohio to hear a young preacher who at the age of 33 had made a name for himself as a pulpiteer. An invitation was extended to Ernest Fremont Tittle to become pastor of the First Methodist Church of Evanston. He accepted with the proviso that he be given leave of absence to volunteer for Y.M.C.A. work at the battle front in Europe. Dr. Tittle saw the ravages of war at first hand. It was this experience which led to so many sermons on the evils of the war

system. On the occasion of the celebration of the 25th year of his ministry at the First Methodist Church, he said:

> "If we should now be content to mark time, we should not stay at the point reached. We should be driven back by the forces of inertia and selfishness and this at a time when men of faith and goodwill must put forth their greatest effort."

Dr. Tittle, never strong, drove himself to the point of exhaustion. In the preparation of his sermons he would first reduce them to writing and then commit to memory. Hence he almost never resorted to notes. Dr. Tittle appeared in the pulpit for the last time July 3rd, 1949. The subject of his sermon was "Hope." What more fitting subject for a last sermon? Dr. Paul Hutchinson of the Christian Century, a long-time friend and member of the congregation wrote the following tribute:

> "If there is such a thing as a great preacher, he was. It is not often that I meet a preacher who seems to have been ordained to that high calling from his mother's womb. Most prominent ministers suggest eminence they might have attained in other pursuits; what a great jurist he would have made! Or what a great corporation promoter! But it was never possible for me to think of Dr. Tittle as anything but a Christian preacher, for this he was predestined, ordained—and let his Methodist brethren make of such Calvinism what they please."

A Story of Three Irishmen

OLD timers in Evanston remembered Billy Norkett as the station agent at the Main Street Station of the Chicago and North Western. Billy was also a member of the City Council when the surface line was seeking a franchise for a right of way through Evanston. William O'Leary, a property holder on Chicago Avenue, opposed the measure then pending in the Council. O'Leary labored with Norkett to obtain his vote in opposition to the grant. O'Leary was under the impression that he had Norkett's vote against the franchise, but no direct promise was made. When the vote was taken, Norkett voted in favor of the company for the desired permission. O'Leary took Norkett to task severely for his action. In characteristic fashion Norkett replied as follows: "I'll tell you how it was. I couldn't resist when the matter came up. I simply had to vote as I did. They paid me $2000 for my vote, and you must admit I could not resist in the face of that offer." "Look here," continued Norkett, going to the safe and taking out a roll of bills marked $2000. "Here is the money in that roll. Would I have been justified in refusing a thing like that? Why, man I simply had to. Pat O'Neil got $5000 for his vote, as he was the leader in the matter."

"I'll see Pat O'Neil right off," exclaimed O'Leary in a towering rage, and away he started to Calvary where O'Neil's stone works were. There he met the accused party in the stone cutting shop. "So you got $5000 for your vote in the Council last night, and I know all about it—You got $5000, and I'm going to upset the deal." "Who told you I got that money?" retorted O'Neil.

"I just heard it from Norkett at his office in the station." "Oh, we'll see Norkett about that story," and together they started for the station.

Norkett was watching for this move, and when he saw them coming up the road he hastily put on his hat and walked off to avoid the meeting. But O'Leary caught sight of him and followed in his wake. Norkett started to run, but O'Leary ran too and after a long chase he overtook the fugitive, both by that time being out of breath, and both overcome by the ridiculousness of the situation, laughing heartily.

"What's the matter?" said Norkett. "Did O'Neil deny he took the money?" "You old joker, you know you were lying to me, you know you were. What did you mean by showing me that bundle of currency?" "Now, be quiet O'Leary, I'll explain everything. That was the railroad's money, not mine. You know I was in a tight place and had to make the best case I could to you."

Norkett's marvelous bribery story was seen to be one of that inveterate joker's characteristic methods of getting out of an awkward situation.

On another occasion the Council was discussing the small pox epidemic and what was to be done about it. Norkett is reported to have made the following remark about the nursing problem. "Let them that's had it take care of them that's sick."

Miss Celia Sargent

HOW would you like to have a party in your honor and have 2100 of your former pupils come to the reception at the Woman's Club? Of course that many did not come to the reception for Miss Celia Sargent, but they were all invited, at least every one who had

Dempster St. (Miller) School
Miss Sargent Teacher 1873-1923

a known address. Miss Sargent was a teacher at the Hinman Avenue School, Hinman Ave. and Dempster Street, from 1873 to 1923, the year of the reception. During that time she had kept a careful record of her six year olds and the number finally reached the unbelievable number of twenty-one hundred. Miss Sargent began at the H. H. C. Miller School when the pupils were housed in a one-room frame building. Sometime

when you are in the Evanston Historical Society's room, ask to see the guest book. There in their own handwriting you may see the signatures of nearly everyone in Evanston in the year nineteen hundred twenty-three. Some of the names selected from the very first classes: Henry B. Merwin, Harry Pearsons, former Mayor of Evanston, Guy Dart, George Dunham, Oliver Eddy, Don de Golyer, John Quinlan, Eliot Williams, Montague Ferry, Chauncey Hobart, Seymour Wheeler, Clinton Merrick, Merrett C. Bragdon.

Augustus Knight, a former pupil, was the general chairman of the reception committee. Other members of the committee included Mrs. James A. Patten with whom Miss Sargent lived for years; Mrs. William G. Alexander, President of the Woman's Club, H. H. Kingsley, former Supt. of Evanston Schools, J. Seymour Currey, Charles W. Spofford, John H. Quinlan, John T. Stockton, and Clinton Merrick. Other committees who represented the five decades were: Donald Miller, Belle Winne Dakin, Jessie Bradley, Philip Shumway, David A. Noyes, Wallace Condict, Donald de Golyer, Horace Dawson, Everett Cook and A. H. Bowman.

Louise Ayars Garrett, Evanston's beloved poetess, wrote the following:

Celia stands for heavenly—
And so you are
An endless reach of heaven
Where love has fixed his star
O friend, your sheltering sky
Can not grow dim
For faces of little children
Smile through like cherubim

John C. Redington of the class of 1884 wrote the following letter to Miss Sargent:

Dear Miss Sargent:

I very distinctly remember the year 1885 when my twin brother Paul and myself, in the absence of our parents in Chicago, thought we could dodge school attendance by setting all the clocks in the house back one hour, thereby hoping that when the change in the clocks was discovered we would be excused from going to school because in those days tardiness was a much greater crime than being absent. We used the extra hour thus appropriated to watch the building of the Chicago, St. Paul R.R. from the roof of the barn in the back of our house on Chicago Avenue.

Unfortunately for our plans, however, our dear grandmother was at home and very soon learned what we had done, and summarily led us over to your school, holding us by the ears, and took us before your forum and explained to you just what we had been guilty of. I do not remember what punishment we received from you or our parents when later they returned from Chicago, but whatever it was, I know it was probably very well justified.

This is one of the incidents that I recall during my school career. It hardly seems that it is almost forty years ago. I wish that I was starting over again in the first grade. I have not had anything in years bring me the pleasant feeling that the announcement of your semi-centennial has brought, and I hope that I may be able to be present to extend to you my very affectionate regards, and I certainly wish you with all my heart many, many happy years to watch the careers of your boys and girls.

John C. Redington
Dempster Street School
1884-1885

Evanston in 1866

ROBERT PATTERSON BROWN, son of Andrew J. Brown, one of the founders of Northwestern University tells such an interesting story of Evanston that I am quoting him in full. He spent his latter days at Saint Petersburg, Florida. His reminiscences are dated January 1930. As stated by him in his story, he was named for Robert W. Patterson, famous pastor of the Presbyterian "Spotted Church."

"My first recollection of Evanston was in 1863. We lived in Chicago, near the present Newberry Library. In a buggy we drove up Clark Street and the old 'Snell' toll road. We called at the home of Doctor John Dempster, a preacher. His name is perpetuated in Dempster Street. The house was situated on the north side of Simpson (another preacher, Bishop Simpson) Street close to the Lake. There is a house on the site now which may be the same one. It was afterwards occupied by Doctor and Mrs. Zimmerman. Mrs. Zimmerman was a sister of Doctor Edward Eggleston. I remember attending the wedding of Doctor John Evans' daughter which I think was before 1866. The Evans home was at the Northeast corner of Church Street and Hinman Avenue.

"I would like to show you the town from the depot. Across the tracks were long lines or piles of cord wood for wood burning engines with their flaming stacks. The cars were coupled with links and pins. What a jolt it was when the engineer took up the slack! The car platforms were about twenty inches apart.

The railroad was given its right of way through Evanston by my father Andrew J. Brown, who did not

think to ask for a pass and for forty years paid his fare twice a day. My father bought the land from Sherman Avenue west to beyond Wesley Avenue between Dempster Street and Church Street for $13,000 in 1854, which amount would buy about two feet on Davis Street now.

Davis Street was originally called College Avenue but was renamed in honor of Doctor N. S. Davis, a fine scholarly man, an honor to his family, and his family a credit to him.

The first sidewalks were built on Davis Street and consisted of two planks set a foot apart. Gravel walks were used elsewhere.

Running across Davis Street was the 'big ditch.' It led from way up north on the west side of Sherman Avenue and crossed to the corner of Grove Street and the railroad. It was spanned by a plank bridge. A. D. Langworthy owned the corner of Sherman Avenue to the ditch, and had a very nice house which he afterwards sold to Haskins. Doctor O. H. Mann bought the land west of the ditch on which he built a house and later put up the Mann Block. The triangular space where Sherman Avenue and Orrington Avenue join was used as a wood and hay market, the farmers coming in and standing with their loads all day in winter.

On the point between Sherman and Orrington Avenues was William Russel's paint store and across Orrington was Monteiths grocery store which he afterwards moved into a house on the corner which he remodeled. There were a couple of houses in this block to Chicago Avenue. Max Hahn had a shoe store at the alley.

General Julius White had a quite pretentious house on the corner of Chicago Avenue and Davis Street. On the South Side of Davis Street I do not remember any

stores except the butcher shop at the corner of Sherman Avenue which was afterwards bought by the Simpson Brothers, George and Robert. That is the business section of Evanston as I remember it in 1866. A dusty or muddy street crossed by a big open ditch, a few stores and houses and a two-plank walk. We all had to carry lanterns at night so that we could keep on the boards. Andy Schwall drove a village hack, a roomy carriage. All day the teams were hauling lumber and brick for the building of "Heck Hall," the first building put up on the campus.

I remember the Old Avenue House well. It had no veranda in front. Everyone used the Davis Street door. Mr. Matteson lived next door and later took over its management. That is just plain history, but if you could remember his two daughters, you would have a picture. It was quite the thing for sleighing parties to come up from Chicago in the winter for oyster suppers.

At the northwest corner of Hinman and College Avenues was the original College building, afterwards called the University. To the left of the front door was the Chapel and on the third floor was the museum. There were two hideous Chinese idols large enough for a man to stand under their flowing robes. There was a string to pull which caused an unearthly groan, and we used to get little boys up there and scare them to death. This museum was moved up into the Garrett Biblical Institute, situated north of Simpson Street. The building burned one of the coldest nights. The Evanston Fire Department consisted of one new hand chemical pump, no horses. I helped push the Engine through the snow and when we got there, there was no water.

Down at the end of Davis Street was the home of Allen Vane, the house faced the Lake, the garden and grounds extended back to Judson Avenue. The garden

was lovely with flowers, fruit trees and berry bushes, I think the most pretentious in town at the time and the family was fine. There were several daughters and they were the fashion plates of the town. They had the second pew in front at the Methodist Church, were always beautifully dressed and Mr. Vane complained that they seemed to be always late. It was quite a procession as the family walked down the aisle, and I used to wonder how they could crowd all those hoop skirts into one pew. Harry and Cad were fine boys.

On beyond was the pier, owned by Mark de Coudres. We used to come down here to fish and to watch the unloading of lumber vessels. It was a great pleasure to watch the lumber fleet go sailing by, sixty-five years ago. December 26, 1864, wintering in the port of Chicago, were 4 side wheelers, 13 steam propellers, 45 three-masted square rigged ships, 19 two-masted square riggers, and 194 two-masted schooners, also 60 tugs. The sailing vessels have almost disappeared, but at that time they were a beautiful sight. We could often count a dozen at once.

There was another class of schooners sailed over the Chicago bar that we seldom see today. They also were a beautiful sight on a hot day but were so cheap, only costing five cents, that they were soon wrecked. They were spoken of in a jocular manner as 'suds.' Frances Willard never enjoyed the pleasure of "wrecking" one. One summer a company tried to run a daily suburban service from the pier to Chicago. From one of these boats I saw Donaldson and Grimwood drift off into the East in a balloon endeavoring to make the first trip across the Lake by the air route. They were never heard of again.

Turning South, Forrest Avenue was not named after the famous Confederate General but after my uncle,

a Chicago banker. Later one 'r' was deleted because it taught the children to spell 'forest' wrongly. The street was as lovely then as it is now, lined with the same beautiful trees whose branches met overhead. It could appropriately be called Forest Avenue. There were very few houses on it in 1866. Near the north end was the home of Orrington Lunt, the house and grounds were quite spacious, the house still standing, but there have been several houses built into the grounds. Returning to Greenleaf Street on the corner or about two hundred feet from the corner was the home of Mr. Greenleaf after whom the street was named. Turning west at Greenwood Blvd. and Chicago Avenue, we find the 'Evanston Ladies Seminary' occupying the whole block to Lake Street. It was started by William P. Jones. It was a handsome building surrounded by beautiful trees and bushes and later was used as the first ladies dormitory of the Northwestern University. At the corner of Chicago Avenue and Grove Street was the home of Herman R. Powers. He had quite a family. To the south of him lived the Angles. Diagonally across from the Powers was the home of Ed Taylor. He was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School in 1866 and the only live wire that ever had that job to my knowledge. He actually had a Christmas tree in the church, all lit up too. They did not have another one in that church, though ten years later they had one in the new church with a dozen candles. Ed Taylor was certainly fine, and his two sons were just like him.

In the block on the west side of Chicago Avenue from Grove Street to Davis Street was the home of Lyman Gage, for years the President of the First National Bank of Chicago and at one time Secretary of the Treasury. He certainly was a wonderful man in

every way. Next to him lived Doctor Ludlam. Mollie Ludlam was my first teacher in the public school.

North of Davis Street on the west side of the street was the Post Office in a drug store kept by Mr. Clifford. He also had a line of crockery and a few needles and pins. Obadiah Huse lived in this block. He afterward built a large house on the corner of Church Street where the Woman's Club now stands. Next north of the present Club house was the home of John A. Pearsons. He certainly was an honor to his grandchildren. Also the Willard Home (now Rest Cottage).

The second house north of the hotel was that of Doctor Bannister, where I first began my residence in Evanston. In November we moved into our own house. The Bannister House is now a cafeteria and I have eaten there once or twice for old times sake but my white hair does not fit in with the young people I meet there. I can hardly realize that I was just like them in '76. Henry Bannister was not at home that summer. He was with a company which was trying to string wires to Europe via Alaska, through the Behring Sea and across Siberia in an attempt to forestall the laying of the Atlantic Cable.

Back of the Bannisters facing Hinman Avenue was the Bradley home. There was a lovely family of boys and girls. Luther Bradley became a celebrated cartoonist on the Chicago Daily News. Merrill Ladd lived on the southeast corner of Chicago Avenue and Church Street and on the northeast corner, the Bragdons (Oliver Marcy did not live there in 1866). The Bragdon boys were very fine boys. North of the Bragdons lived Doctor Kidder. My recollection of him is of a very tall gaunt man with a large crop of whiskers, wearing a stove pipe hat and Prince Albert coat astride a small yellow pony which he rode a great deal. Eva Kidder

was a beautiful girl. The son, Henry M., laid out a subdivision in North Evanston and practically put it on the map. Katherine Kidder, the granddaughter became a noted actress.

North of the Kidders lived the Judsons and General Beveridge, later Governor of Illinois. The General was a very tall striking looking man and Miss Beveridge was stunning. She attended school in the East, and when she returned, she brought the first 'Grecian Bend' to Evanston. She caused quite a sensation as she walked up the church aisle, the first Sunday. She married Sam Raymond and they were a very distinguished looking couple.

In 1866 there were very few buildings across the tracks. Will Calvert had a tin shop and George Huntoon had a hay and feed store at the corner of Davis Street and Maple Avenue. I do not think there were a dozen houses. The best houses were on the Ridge. Harvey B. Hurd owned the block to Grove Street, and then came the John H. Kedzie house. I think that James S. Kirk lived in this row. He had a very large family, and they were all lovely. Charlie was the only one I really ever knew well. They sat in front of me at church, and I could not help admire Mrs. John B. The Watsons lived at the corner of Greenwood and across the street lived the Comstocks.

I have tried to hold this letter down to the year 1866. Manifestly after all these years I could not name every house and householder, though I do not believe there were one hundred houses in the main section. I would like to lengthen it out to 1873 and perhaps 1883. Evanston grew very rapidly in the next few years. The young children became young men and women some, in time, became so prominent that any word of mine is useless, but I like to remember them. Many stores were built.

The first were in Davis Street between Chicago and Orrington Avenues. McMahon opened an ice cream and confectionary store. John and Tom Connor worked for him and bought him out. John A. Goebel had a grocery store. Towner K. Webster opened the first Gents furnishing. Mr. Bates Iott had the first furniture store at about 817 Davis Street. I. G. Pingree had the first crockery store which he sold to John Wesley. Will Garwood was a prince and also a druggist. O. H. Merwin opened the first dry goods store located about where 625 ought to be. The Langworthy-Haskin house was torn down and a row of stores put up, and Mr. Merwin moved in. One of the Haskin boys worked for him, bought him out, and it was the Haskin Store for years until sold to Mr. Lord. Meanwhile Mr. Haskin had built a large house at the corner of Hinman Avenue, later sold to Simeon Farwell. H. F. Olmsted also opened a dry goods store. Joe Lyon put up the first public hall called Lyons Hall next to Max Hahn's shoe store. George Farmer had the first billiard hall at 811 Davis Street, and the store has been a billiard hall ever since, except when billiards were taboo in Evanston. The Public Library was opened over a store and the first 'Special Club' was started. The church people were horrified that a dancing club should 'enter their midst.' The hall had a stage and they tried to have plays given by Chicago actors.

At the time of the great Chicago fire a great many families came in. The day before the fire was Sunday, October 8, 1871. We could not get a Chicago paper. The telegraph office was in the depot and that was closed all day Sunday. There were no trains until the one-forty (the funeral train). We heard on our way to church that Chicago was burning up, and we could get no definite news. (The fire that we heard of

was a lumber yard that burned Saturday night.) On Monday morning we got further news that Chicago was burned up, and that the Tribune building had burned at three o'clock. This was the big fire of October 9 which started Sunday night at about nine o'clock. Nearly all of the men took an earlier train than usual. I went down at nine-thirty. Trains only ran to Kedzie and Canal Streets. All the way from Fullerton Avenue down there was a vacant prairie full of refugees. Getting out of the train, Kedzie Street was all burned up. We walked up north and crossed the Erie Street Bridge and over near Franklin Street the houses were just burning. We would watch the flames jump the street and catch the houses across. There was not a drop of water to be had, and it was a very hot day with a strong west wind.

The first train out was the funeral train at one o'clock. A great many refugees got on at Clybourne Avenue and at Ravenswood.

Among the early citizens I have mentioned was Rev. Edward Eggleston, a young preacher in poor health. He was associated with Alfred L. Sewell who was publisher of the Little Corporal, a children's magazine started during the Civil War competing with the Youth's Companion. Doctor Eggleston became a writer of note and moved to Brooklyn. He bought what was called the "Grout house," a house built of cement and gravel located at what is now 1021 Davis Street. This was one of the first houses built of that material and the cement was poorly mixed. I owned it later and as the foundations were bad it fell into poor repair and tenants were hard to find.

Alfred L. Sewell started the Evanston Index. I think that the first numbers were run off on a 'Washington' press. No one but an old timer knows what that

was. He had one on Davis Street and soon put in a cylinder press. I used to turn the hand wheel for fun, but it was real work to keep it up. His name reminds me of his nephew, Elwood Leadbetter and skating.

I think I am the only person alive who ever skated to Chicago on the "Drainage Canal" in 1872. The canal was there but not as large as it is now. In those days we had no skating ponds. We either had to go to Lincoln Park or skate in the ditches. After they had dug a gravel pit at the tank (Ridge Avenue and Emerson Street) we used to walk up there and skate, but it was certainly a cold walk some days and no place to get warm. Out on the prairie on the north side of Church Street was a wide ditch where we skated sometimes and once in awhile the whole prairie was a glaze of ice. Crossing Church Street about where the present canal is was the "Big Ditch." The first thing we knew we were at what is now Peterson Avenue. We skated west until we came to the Peterson farm house where we got a drink of water, then we skated to the North Branch and down to the Clybourne Avenue bridge of the C.&N.W.R.R. We neither had any money and it was time to eat. The whole North Side was burned up, our friends were all scattered, but I knew where James B. Hobbs was located, Frank Hobbs being one of my earliest friends. So we walked down the railroad track. There were no sidewalks anywhere on any streets in that district, and we were small boys hardly knowing where we were. We finally found ourselves at Ashland Avenue and Monroe Streets. It was New Year's Day, and Mrs. Hobbs with a bevy of Grace Church ladies, all, shall I say, salvaged from the fire, were receiving calls. It was a sort of a house warming for North Side people, the first chance they had to get together and swap ex-

periences. They were serving an elaborate lunch to all callers, and I do not believe they were very much pleased to receive two hungry boys. Little boys in those days did not make calls like their fathers. Mrs. Hobbs sat us down behind the dining room door and filled us up. We were too proud to borrow ten cents, so we walked down to Kedzie Street to get the train. Fortunately Ellwood had a ticket that was good for both of us. We arrived home about seven o'clock, two awfully tired little boys.

There were two and perhaps I ought to say three tragedies occurred in Evanston in the '70's. At Ridge Avenue and Grove Street lived Charlie and Ed Paul. They were very fine boys and I think Charlie was especially liked. One day he and a companion went hunting in the woods at the northwest corner of Ridge Avenue and Church Street. Charlie's companion's gun was accidently discharged and Charlie was killed. The town was small; it was the first serious accident and caused great excitement and sorrow.

The second accident was years later. The Boutelles lived next door to the Raymonds at Davis and Hinman. There again were two fine boys, Evarts and Harry. One day Evarts and some companions took a row boat and went down to Calvary Cemetery to hunt. Evarts in drawing his gun over the bow of the boat discharged it and received the full charge in his breast. This made as much sensation as the first accident, the whole town grieved again, the schools were closed on the day of the funeral. Evarts was very much liked and mourned. Harry Boutell has been congressman for years.

The third tragic death was that of Rebecca Hoag, daughter of J. C. Hoag. She was the first lady entrant of N.W.A. Her health was poor for a long time; every-

one in town knew of it and the doctors could not find the trouble. After her death they found a broken needle had worked its way into her heart. She was a lovely girl, everyone knew her and missed her. People of today are more callous than they were then. Our attention is distracted by so much that we cannot realize what sorrow and excitement such events cause in small towns.

The Chicago churches would frequently have picnics on the campus, coming by steamer and landing at the pier. It was quite a pleasure to us boys. We would join in their games and have a grand time. When noon came, if we did not want to go home for lunch there was always someone older than the rest who would filch a cake or pie out of some unwatched basket.

In writing of Evanston one should mention Des Plaines Camp Meeting, still running. It was a wonderful reunion of all the Methodists in this vicinity. John Pearsons would kindly fix up a wagon with seats and make several trips with the Saints who went to worship and the young people who went for a picnic. Although only ten miles away, it took two hours to make the trip, and the roads were awful. Deacon A. J. promised to pay Charlie Bannister's board for a week if he would go to two services a day, and Charlie took him up on it and went to a 6:00 a.m. and a 7:00 a.m. meeting every day. He had a lovely time the rest of the day.

The Des Plaines Camp location was not of the best so some of the deacons secured a donation of forty acres on the Lake shore for Camp meeting purposes. The land was subdivided, streets laid out, and it was named "Lake Bluff." A tabernacle and hotel were built and for a time it seemed quite popular, but there

was no dancing allowed, almost too much religion for the masses, so it passed out as a camp meeting. There were several houses built and some tents were put up. The tenters would leave their tables set under the trees, all ready for breakfast, so one night the boys got on a tear and went around and stole all the breakfast they could. I remember there was half a roast beef and a part-full freezer of ice cream, neither of which we could eat. And these were all good deacons' sons from Evanston.

We had many revival meetings in the Methodist Church. I remember that Mrs. Van Cott led one. She was a very pretty woman and it was a very mean man who would not promise to love the Lord if she asked him to.

The new University Building was erected on the campus and the old building moved up back of the Life Saving Station and a rear addition put on for recitation rooms and Chapel up stairs. From this old building have risen all the wonderful buildings on the campus. It ought to have a gold wreath over the front door and a bronze tablet in front large enough to be seen.

Roe Fisk was a very cute little girl and could always be depended on to give a recitation at any of the church entertainments. I remember one night she was reciting a poem, something about Autumn and one line was "The grapes hung purpling on the vines." She gave it "The purps hung grappling on the vines." That struck me as very funny, and I have chuckled over it all these years.

Now to mention a few others as they come to mind. Arch Winne and his son Frank were very genial. Edwin Lee Brown built a large house on Forrest Avenue.

His sons Walter and Ed are well known. William T. Shepherd was another prominent man. J. D. Easter built a large house at Davis and Wesley Avenue. His family were very showy and filled the place vacated by the Vane family. The Quinlans came in and later took over the Avenue House. The honorable Thomas C. Hoag moved up from Chicago. I certainly will say, even if you do know him better than I, that he was a good substantial citizen and he had a fine family of boys. I wonder if I ought to mention each. Junius, Will, Ed and Ernie. The Phillips family bought the Greenleaf Place. Jessie and Will were fine. I do not want to list these names like a directory, and I want to tell the truth about each one, and if I did this letter would be fulsome. I am not praising anyone, just giving facts. I could do no less, and I could say a lot more of each. Will Phillips was a prominent doctor for years. He married Josie Patterson, daughter of the Rev. Doctor Robert W. Patterson, who was for years pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Chicago the "Old Spotted Church" at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Washington Street. This church was built of limestone that was streaked with black like tar. It was a very handsome edifice and cost $30,000, a large sum for Chicago in those days. There were many handsome homes in the near vicinity. Doctor Patterson lived on Jackson Boulevard, just off Michigan Avenue. The Doctor was a very large man with a most kindly face and speech. I wish that when they bestowed his name on me, they could also have included some of his lovable character. He has so many notable descendants that I am too feeble to say anything more of him or his.

Another family to arrive was that of "Dick" Somers. He bought the house at the corner of Chicago Avenue

and University Place, a beautiful large house and grounds. Mr. Somers was manager of the Sherman House and did not spend much time in Evanston, but there were two sons and everyone knew the two exceedingly pretty daughters Ada and Dell Somers. There was another lovely family lived at the corner of Hinman Avenue and Clark Street, the Williams. There were several girls, Lon and Walter. I have lost all track of them for years. The Brainerds lived in the same block on Hinman Avenue.

I do not remember many of the politicians of the town. Dr. O. H. Mann came in, a very young man, rapidly worked up a good practice and was mayor for several terms. Sam Harrison was on the city payroll for years, either Fire Marshal or Justice of the Peace. Joe Lyons was Assessor for many, many years. Frank Grover was one of the small boys once and became City Attorney. I want to mention a number of boys other than those already spoken of. There was Charlie and Frank Rice, George Quinlan, Will and Frank Dyche, Tom Noyes, Ed Taylor's son, Harry Pearsons, the Scott boys, Bob, Will and John A. Hamlin and Fred French.

As Evanston was such a religious town I think I will wind up this letter with a prayer meeting story told me by Chester Grover and as I knew all the parties to it, I will vouch for it. Mr. and Mrs. X were very devout Methodists. Mrs. X always had a class of boys in Sunday School. She started the first temperance organization in Evanston, a "Band of Hope" composed of small boys. It was her custom to give boys a party about once a year. They would play all sorts of innocent games and when it came time to break up they would sing a hymn and then all kneeling, Deacon X would offer a short prayer.

One night one of the boys found a soft hassock at hand and picking it up threw it at the kneeling deacon knocking him off his balance. The boys immediately forgot their prayers and looked up to laugh, all but one. It was very evident who the culprit was, he kept his head down. So it is, sometimes, the most devout are not always what they appear to be.

Billy Sunday

"BILLY" SUNDAY, famed Evangelist, returned home in 1918. The News Index of March 1918 said that "Billy" struck Evanston with the same force Saturday night that the sensational Evangelist will strike the devil during his campaign of eleven weeks in Chicago.

At the Sunday service he was accompanied by "Ma" Sunday and his workers. The meeting place was the Patten "Gym." The famed preacher was introduced by Acting President, Thomas F. Holgate. Dr. Holgate said in introducing him that he was a former student of the academy and the first coach of a successful baseball team. Billy's coaching was in 1898, so very few people in the record crowd of 6,000 knew of Billy's connection with Evanston. The Index of March 8, 1898, had this to say of the baseball team at the University:

> "The training which the candidates for the Northwestern nine are going through with is a new thing for Evanston and is of public interest to the general public who is at all interested in baseball matters,

more especially as the work is being done under the direct supervision of William A. Sunday, himself a professional ball player and one of the most popular members of the Chicago team."

Billy's language was most picturesque. He would have been a great success on the stage. Our boys were not on the firing line early in 1918, but it was evident that we could no longer keep out of it. I quote some "hot shots" in the first meeting at the gym.

"By the time I get through with Chicago and the United States gets through with that dirty bunch of pretzels across the water they'll all think Sherman was right about war."

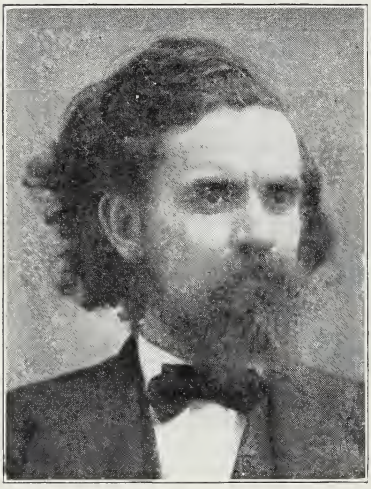
"Nero was a Sunday School teacher compared to the Kaiser. God's hand is in this war. If you can't see God's hand in it, my friends, you're nuts."

"A left hook to the jaw is many times better than a prayer."

"A pacifist is too damned cowardly to fight, and too damned cowardly to run."

"So help me God I'll never again buy anything stamped 'Made in Germany' as long as I live. If I do I'm bughouse—I'm nuts."

Edward Eggleston



Edward Eggleston
Author of Hoosier Schoolmaster

EGGLESTON is known throughout the world as the author of the *Hoosier Schoolmaster*. As a small boy I was always enchanted when the teacher announced that she would read from the *Schoolmaster*. Eggleston lived in Evanston. The family home was at 1017 Davis Street and was not razed until the turn of the century. Here was born Evanston's first kindergarten. Here impetus was given to the Evanston Public Library. Eggleston was born at Vevey, Indiana. Later he resided in another river town, Madison, Indiana. Eggleston was a member of the First Methodist Church, and at one time was Superintendent of the Sunday School.

The *Hoosier Schoolmaster* appeared in the magazine "Hearth and Home" of which Eggleston was the Editor. The story met with instant popularity. Circulation of the magazine leaped from 7,000 to 85,000. Publishers in England, Canada and the West began to steal the story. Eggleston introduced a new element in American literature—the dialect story. His better and more mature works include, "The Mystery of Metropolisville," "The End of the World," "The Cir-

cuit Rider," and "Roxy"—all tales of the Hoosier Country. In the year 1898 the City Council ordered the former Eggleston home at 1017 Davis Street to be demolished. When this became known relic hunters and curio seekers flocked to the house to procure souvenirs of Evanston's most historic building. Camera fiends came in swarms and 1017 Davis Street became Evanston's most photographed house.

Charles Bragdon, one of his pupils had this to say of him: "You did not see Edward Eggleston unless you saw his smile. I am reminded of what we used to say in Evanston when that unruly lion's head seemed somewhat less rough than usual as he sat in the front pew of the Amen Corner. Mrs. Eggleston has been trying to brush his hair. It is understood that one of her Sunday trials was that same attempt to reduce that wonderful glory of hair to a Sunday basis."

* "To all appreciating the value of the kindergarten and the importance of the early years of childhood, a most important event occurred, when, in the spring of 1866 Reverend and Mrs. Eggleston commenced their homemaking in our village. Mr. Eggleston was amongst the first of our American Fathers to comprehend and appreciate the methods and aims of the great Froebel. Finding it impossible to obtain a good translation of Froebel's songs, he studied German for that purpose; translated the songs, built the Kindergarten and taught the kindergartners and meanwhile superintended the M.E. Sunday School and carried on his literary work."

I give two quotations from his philosophy of life which are in the lighter vein:

"Nobody is quite a universalist in moments of indignation. Everyone keeps a private and select per-

* Frances Willard's Classic Town

dition for objects of wrath." About the early Methodist love feasts he said:

"No one was admitted who did not hold a ticket. Even those who had tickets, some were turned away on account of naughty curls, their sinful 'artificials' or their wicked earrings."

Daniel H. Burnham

MAKE no small plans, they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever growing instance. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty."

The above quotation will be immediately recognized as the motto of an Evanstonian, Daniel H. Burnham. Unless you are an architect, you may think of him in connection with the World Columbian Exposition held in Chicago in 1893, where he was Director of Work for the Exposition. He was a pioneer in City Planning and preached the gospel of beauty not only in this country but to the world.

The Burnham home site extended from Forest Avenue to the Lake and from Dempster Street to Burnham Place. Mr. Burnham purchased the property from Doctor Robert Hatfield, one time pastor of the First Methodist Church, and his brother-in-law, S. A. Kean.

The house was often referred to as the house which Mr. Burnham built. This is not true according to Robert A. Kean, who says that he and his sister were born in the house. The tract is now improved with modern dwellings.

Joseph C. Hartzell

BISHOP HARTZELL is sometimes mentioned in connection with the wreck of the Lady Elgin. He may have been present and assisted in the rescue of some of the passengers on that ill-fated vessel. His heroic work in connection with the saving of sailors on board the schooner Storm on May 9, 1864 is equally as heroic as the work of Edward Spencer on September 8, 1860. Bishop Hartzell was a student in Garrett Biblical Institute at the time of the rescue. He was born of Pennsylvania German parents and at seventeen years of age came to Evanston to secure a University and theological education. Later he was to go to the "Dark Continent" as Bishop of the Methodist Church. The following is a story of the rescue by an anonymous writer which I have found in the files of the Historical Society. The facts coincide with the story as related by one of the survivors, one Morris Grady, who was living in Coloma, Michigan in January 1903. The report at that time stated that he was hale and hearty and had attained the age of 75 years. The narrative of the unknown author continues:

"Swimming was one of the young student's diversions. It was his practice to go out and swim in the

breakers after a storm. There was no life-saving station at Evanston at that time. On the morning of May 10, 1864 just as a crowd of theological students were coming out of the dormitory building on the lake shore, a dark object was seen several miles from shore, riding on the rough waters. There had been a severe storm the night before, and the waves were rolling in from the northeast, while the wind had shifted so that it was blowing a strong breeze directly from the north, cold as from the North Pole. With the aid of a field glass it was seen that the dark object was the hull of a wrecked vessel, and that it was being driven southwesterly by the waves and the wind, and must strike sand bars somewhere south of town. Evanston is twelve miles north of Chicago, along the shore, and is the seat of Northwestern University and Garrett Biblical Institute. Dr. Hartzell was then a student in the latter institution."

"Soon all the students and a large company of towns people were on the shore watching the disabled vessel as it drifted southward and nearer the shore. As the vessel came nearer those on shore discovered five men standing close together on the bow. It was a lumber vessel capsized and the masts were swept away. The five sailors, however, clung to the wreck. After the masts were swept off, the vessel righted. By great efforts, clinging to the cordage, the half-frozen sailors were able to get up on the vessel where they could only wait to drift withersoever the winds and waves listed. In this condition the vessel stranded on a sand bar something less than a quarter of a mile from shore. The water was very cold, so cold, indeed, that an old sea captain said no man could live in it five minutes. Every wave that struck the vessel dashed over it drenching the men with icy water. There were no life

boats. No ordinary skiff could possibly live. The men held up their hands in mute appeal to the large crowd on the shore—the safe shore that they had so little hope of ever reaching alive. The crowd was utterly helpless. By and by one of the exhausted men on the wreck fell down, and they saw his comrades carry him back, as they afterward learned, drop him in the hold of the vessel so that he would not be swept away. He had perished from the cold. The four returned and stood with their arms extended in a silent appeal."

"The experience Hartzell had in swimming in the midst of breakers made him think he could reach them, so, with a few of the students he went up the shore a couple of hundred yards, doffed his shoes and heavier garments and tied the end of a small rope to his waist. The vessel was lying with the bow a little to the northwest and Hartzell could see along its side, and parallel with the shore, a long mast, one end of which was held by the ropes to the deck and the other was several feet from the hull. By every wave that passed, the student could see its end thrown up. His plan was to reach the end of the spar or mast, climb along it, and then up the side of the vessel by the ropes that hung over. He started at least two hundred yards above a point opposite the wreck, calculating that the wind and the waves would drive him southward. The undertow is the chief danger to a swimmer in the breakers. Young Hartzell had on woolen socks, and the first undertow that caught his feet swept the socks off."

"While the brave swimmer could touch bottom he sprang through the top of each breaker as high as he could. When that could no longer be done, he would then dive through them and make as much space as possible before meeting the next one. The rope was

not played out fast enough, and that, together with the wind and waves, drove him rapidly southward. He began to fear that he could not make the lower end of the mast, but he succeeded with not three feet to spare. Then clasping his arms and legs around the mast he shuffled along. When a swelling would come, he would clasp the mast tightly and let it pass, be buried many feet in the icy water and then shuffle along as many feet as possible before the next breaker came. At last he reached the vessel where the ropes hung over, and succeeded in climbing up over the side."

"The captian of the vessel slipped forward to meet the heroic student as he gained the deck. The captain's face was without expression as white as snow and looked as if it was frozen. He laid his icy cold hand on the young man's shoulder and said: 'God bless you, you are a man.' The shore end of the rope tied around Hartzell's body was fastened to a larger one. This with a strength that seemed more than human, he pulled out until he could tie one end to the ship. Willing hands came out along the line to meet the men. The captain said to the young savior: 'You go first,' only to get the answer: 'No, I shall be the very last.' The young student helped the half dead crew and captain one by one over the side of the vessel, and with their remaining strength they clung to the rope, making their way through the breakers until they were within reach of helpers near the shore, until at last they were all safe, but scarcely more than half alive. The citizens of Evanston had a largely attended public meeting and presented the young student an encyclopedia."

Bishop Hartzell wrote the story for the Western Christian Advocate under date of March 15, 1922. I quote the following paragraph:

"Some months afterward I was sitting in a railway car in Chicago waiting for the train to start for Milwaukee when a large and fine looking man came to me and asked; Is your name Hartzell? I replied, 'Yes.' Was it you who swam out to the wreck and saved the crew of the schooner 'Storm'? I believe so, was my answer. As I arose from my seat, he put his arms around me, and with tears in his eyes, and with gratitude manifest in every feature of his face he said "I am the Captain whom you saved."

As Bishop in the Methodist Church Hartzell was assigned to Africa. It may be said without contradication that no Bishop ever served a larger diocese. His territory comprised a whole continent.

Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary

MAY 1st 1901 recorded a significant event, in my opinion, of the history of Evanston. It was the 50th wedding anniversary of the marriage of Thomas C. Hoag and Maria L. Hoag. A scrapbook of the event is now one of the treasured possessions of the Historical Society. The Hoag home was at 502 Davis Street, corner of Hinman, now the location of the Pure Oil Co. Everybody in Evanston who was at all well known was invited. Mr. Hoag had already retired from an active business life. He and Mrs. Hoag had a California home in Pasadena, where they spent much of their time. The home in Evanston was maintained and was the scene of the famous reception of

May 1st. Mr. Hoag was first engaged in business in Chicago. The Chicago fire wiped out his place of business at 32 North Clark St. After the fire Mr. Hoag started the grocery business at the Southeast corner of Chicago and Davis Street. In the back of the store he kept a safe, accepting deposits of money. This was the beginning of a private bank which later became the State Bank and Trust Co. For a time the banking headquarters were at the Southwest corner of Chicago Avenue and Davis Street. Mr. Hoag held many positions of trust in the little village. He was city treasurer, an alderman, also a trustee, treasurer and business agent for the University. Mr. and Mrs. Hoag's church relationship was the First Methodist. At the wedding reception all of the living children were present. Dr. Junius C. Hoag and wife of Chicago; William G. Hoag, later to be President of the State Bank and Trust; Dr. Ernest B. Hoag and wife, then of Evanston but later of California. Friends from all over the world sent their congratulatory messages. I mention only a few of names of old timers in Evanston who either accepted or sent messages. Mr. and Mrs. George F. Stone; Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Redington; Mr. and Mrs. George S. Lord; Myra Wilson Little; Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Merwin; Miss Alice Comstock; N. G. Iglehart; Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Bannister; Mr. and Mrs. Amos W. Patten; Frank P. Crandon; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Sargent; Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Weeden; Mr. and Mrs. J. Seymour Currey; Miss Kate Quinlan; Mrs. N. W. Harris; Mr. and Mrs. John F. Hamline; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lane; Dr. and Mrs. Nathan S. Davis Jr.; Dr. and Mrs. Whitfield; Lyman J. Gage; Anna A. Gordon; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac R. Hitt; Kate and Charlie Bragdon; Mr. and Mrs. Seth E. Bradley; and Frances E. Willard.

Jacob Rinn

A VERY great injustice was done to our fellow townsman Jacob Rinn. The plot of Keeney and Rinn's Subdivision shows South Boulevard as Rinn Street. Jacob Rinn dedicated the strip known as South Boulevard. Rinn wanted the west side people to have access to the lake for fishing, bathing, and cooling off. The Council without notice to Rinn changed the name of Rinn Street to South Boulevard. Rinn commenting on the action had this to say: "I must give the gentlemen who made this last change credit for what they did, it was done so nicely behind my back. They would not come near me to sign the petition, and I may say to them that I think they might have waited a few years longer until I had closed my eyes forever. At the same time I wish them all good health and prosperity so long as they live on my street." Thus it will be seen that he bore no malice. Rinn's home was on the southeast corner of South Boulevard and Chicago Avenue. During his lifetime he always insisted that he lived on the corner of Rinn Street and Chicago Avenue. In fact, he had a sign in the yard advising the public of that fact. Jacob came to Evanston in 1851. His father bought the farm of 80 acres from a man who acknowledged that he had two wives. "Why have you got two wives?" asked Rinn's father. "If one should get sick, then the other could tend the sick one" replied the man. "In my country," said my father, "they have only one wife." To which the farmer replied, "How about Brigham Young?"

Jacob delighted to talk of the early days and the hardships endured by him and his family. The follow-

ing interview with Jacob by an *Index* reporter on October 30, 1909, runs as follows:

"There was no barn on this farm or even a shed, so we had to thresh the rye outside on boards. In September father took it into Chicago to have it ground into flour. The mill was on the lake shore where the Illinois Central depot on Randolph Street now stands."

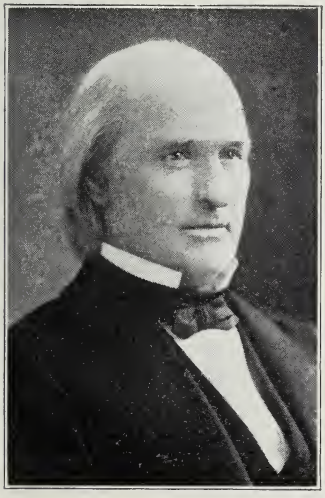
The story continues—"Late in October Jacob was sent to Chicago with a load of sawed and split wood. The wagon was drawn by a yoke of oxen. Jacob was to sell the wood and get the flour which had been ground in September. He was very glad to go to Chicago alone, but was not nearly so glad when he got home, as things did not turn out so well as he had expected. He traveled up and down the main streets of Chicago offering this load of wood and could not find a buyer at a fixed price of $1.00. One man offered to trade him a woolen shirt for the load, but he did not want the shirt and needed the money. The day was bitter cold, with four inches of snow on the ground. The Market House was situated in the middle of the present State Street, and in the lee of that building he sheltered himself from the cold winds, standing there for what seemed to be ages, pressing his numb hands to the oxen's sides to keep them from freeizng. At last a man came along, asked what he wanted for the wood, and upon being told that the price was $1.00, offered 50 cents. The offer was promptly accepted, and after unloading he had to go way up State Street to get the flour. They had been very busy at the mill, and by the time his turn came and he was through loading, it was 11:00 at night. Imagine his predicament—nothing to eat all day, the oxen not fed, no store open. So he had to walk those oxen the twelve weary miles home, reaching there about 3:00 in the

morning. When he opened the door his mother was kneeling near the stove and praying:

"If only Jacob would come home with the flour so I can bake bread."

As the City Attorney, it was Frank Grover's responsibility to prosecute the "blind pigs" operating to the west of Evanston. Jacob was a witness for the prosecution. Upon being asked what kind of beer he secured at one of the joints, Jacob testified as follows: "You see, I drink parells and parells of peer, and how would I know what kind of peer I was drinking." Evidently his testimony did help the prosecution.

Luther L. Greenleaf



Luther L. Greenleaf

LUTHER L. GREENLEAF'S name is perpetuated in the name of Greenleaf Street. His daughter; Helen Greenleaf Simmons writes as follows concerning her father: "My father was born in Derby, Vermont, February 7, 1827. He was not a college man but received good training in Derby Academy, a very excellent institution in that day. He there met Elizabeth Hillam to whom he was married in the year 1848. For some time he was in

the employ of Fairbanks Scale Company in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, going from there to Boston remaining still in the same business. He came West about 1860, opening the Chicago House of the Fairbanks Scale Company. The firm was known as Fair-Banks, Greenleaf Company, a predecessor to Fairbanks, Morse and Company. He made a home in Evanston early in his western life and was identified for many years with all that was best in the life of the town, being especially interested in the Northwestern University, of which he was a trustee, and in the founding of the Evanston Public Library."

Mrs. Simmons does mention the fact that he built a number of houses in Evanston. They were known as the "Greenleaf Houses," the one at 410 Davis Street being one of them. Charles F. Grey once remarked, "Mr. Greenleaf was a man who ought to be remembered by the people of Evanston. He helped a great many people to homes that otherwise wouldn't have got them."

Frances Willard in "A Classic Town" has this to say of L. L. Greenleaf:

"A man of sensational face, figure, and bearing; one to be noted anywhere, even as was Saul among the prophets; a model of ethical exactitude, warm with brotherly kindness and open-handed in deeds of charity—such was L. L. Greenleaf, long the leader among 'men of means' in Evanston."

"The years passed on; our college for women was projected, to which, as to every other village enterprise, he liberally contributed. His gentle wife was one of the charter members of our board of trustees, and when our institution became a part of the University, she was president of our board and signed the paper of agreement."

"The Chicago Fire came, and in a night the fortune of the gracious Greenleafs was swept away. With it seemed to go health and hope in that good man, whom we all loved. His wife gathered up the scorched threads of his great and intricate business as best she could; her daily visits to the grimy city were remembered by all who knew the olden time."

"After awhile the family moved to Beloit, Wisconsin, and kept boarders. I was a guest when in 1878 at the commencement exercises I addressed the Archean Society, of which my brother had been a member in his college days. Going over with the Greenleafs to the church, my host said simply, but not sorrowfully, 'If we were in the olden days in Evanston, I should preside at your meeting, but tonight I am one of the crowd. My chief occupation now is to take care of Professor Emerson's horse, and I try to do it well!'"

Professor James Taft Hatfield once related that he once visited Beloit College where he met Mr. Greenleaf. He confirmed Miss Willard's statement that Mr. Greenleaf was engaged in taking care of one of the official's horses. The Professor further testified that Mr. Greenleaf did not display any bitterness over his ill fortune.

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EVANSTON'S YESTERDAYS EVANSTON
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